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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At first sight the House might be thought to have been amusing itself this week with a conundrum, "When is a money Bill not a money Bill?" or when is it one? Either way the conundrum was too difficult both for the Government and the Opposition. They had to give it up. But it was for the Government to find the answer. At present their definition of a money Bill stands, though Mr. Asquith admits it has all sorts of vices. Its serious vice is that it will let in practically any Bill of any kind. What cannot "matters incidental to" money cover? In this world there are very few things not incidental to money, though there are more to which money is not incidental. The test, Mr. Asquith says, is this: Is money the main thing in the Bill, or is the policy for which money is wanted? If money is the main thing, it is a money Bill; if policy, it is not. Very good on paper; but what man will have the wit to say which is main and which is accident?

The Speaker, says the Government; for all agree that someone must have authority to apply the definition to Bills before Parliament. But even if he have the wit, says the Opposition, he will probably not have the independence to do it squarely. The strain will be too much for him, as it would be for any officer in such circumstances. For ourselves, we are inclined to think the Speaker would have more trouble with his head than with his conscience. We pity any man who has to decide whether a Bill is or is not a money Bill in the light of Mr. Asquith's definition or of any other we have heard. And Mr. Churchill was for treating the whole question as a joke, a mere matter of terms! But he scented the difficulty afar off, we have no doubt. Mr. Balfour promptly stopped his getting round it.

Lord Hugh Cecil can be very provoking, even exasperating, in debate; but never without strong

reason. The history of this session warranted his remark that it was always a matter of regret when the Home Secretary was left in charge of the Bill. Beyond all question the Parliamentary machine never works when he is. This was not a "personality", and Mr. Emmott was exceeding his commission in lecturing Lord Hugh Cecil on his manners. If the expression was not parliamentary, he could ask Lord Hugh to withdraw it. That and no more was the Chairman's business. He is not to set up as censor morum.

Clearly there has been a conspiracy somewhere to cheat the Sinking Fund. Sums due in payment of income-tax on 31 March were not collected until after that date that the Sinking Fund might be done out of its due. The Government can now use this unrighteous windfall for their advantage. Mr. Hobhouse has done his best to conceal the conspiracy. He has denied all knowledge, and ascribed the whole thing to the "mistake" of a "subordinate officer". But it ought not to be possible for a "subordinate officer" to make a "mistake" of this kind. So much so that one doubts if he did. However, Mr. Hobhouse has "no knowledge of the circumstances whatever", to which again we can only answer that he ought.

Mr. Hobhouse began by being simple when he talked about the "subordinate" and then became too clever. How clever was not shown until we had had the ruling of Mr. Speaker on Monday. It appears that only when collectors of income-tax are acting under the instructions of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue is the Treasury responsible for what they do. If collectors exceed their instructions, no one is responsible for their excess. Tell the collectors to be sure not to ask railway companies to put off payment; then if they do, no one will be to blame.

Mr. Lloyd George and the London County Council are at curious cross purposes over the Committee on Imperial and Local Taxation. Mr. George asked for the assistance of Mr. Harper, the Statistical Officer. The Council offered its chief financial officer, Mr. Haward, the Comptroller. Mr. George, again passing over Mr. Haward, named Sir Laurence Gomme, the Clerk. The Council replied: No; Mr. Haward or nobody. Mr. George says he does not want a "representative of London", but an expert in finance; yet he

refers Sir Laurence Gomme, who is by his office essentially representative and not obviously a financial expert, to the chief expert of the Council. This has naturally put up the L.C.C.'s back. By way of a compromise they offer Mr. Harper as a witness. How these two "mighty opposites" are to settle the matter we cannot say.

Is the House of Commons agreed to look upon payment of members as a joke? Whenever the subject is mentioned there never fails to be some facetious member who wants a "bit on account", or a "bit extra for overtime". On Tuesday Mr. Crooks wanted a "bit on account for the holidays"; and there was the usual laughter. Payment of members is a serious business which must incalculably affect all English public life. It may be fun for the House, but not for the taxpayer. The Government will, of course, welcome the disposition to levity. For the Government it is good policy to put serious criticism out of countenance by surrounding their measure with an atmosphere of frivolity.

No one that is not in Parliament can understand its ways. That is a commonplace with which amazement at plain imbecilities as they appear to the outsider is always crushed. No doubt we are unable to fathom the virtue of blocking. No doubt it is a most intelligent procedure, though it takes long Parliamentary experience to see it, that a man who takes no interest in a question should be able to prevent those discussing it who do by giving notice that he is going to raise a discussion on it which he means never to do. He puts down a motion precisely because he does not mean to move it. The Government party have taken advantage of this clever proceeding to burke discussion of the Swansea case.

Mr. Pearce's almanac bill goes even further than the Daylight Bill of Mr. Willett. Mr. Willett's Bill only aimed at putting us right with the sun. The almanac bill is designed to get the better of the sun altogether. The year has 365 days—an awkward number, not to be measured by seven or four. Let us therefore pretend that the year has 364 days. We can then have equal quarters, and an integral number of weeks in the year. Every Fool's Day will come on the same day of the week, everyone will know where he is, and one calendar will do for all time. It is a pretty scheme, but unfortunately it would bring us out of gear with all the countries that did not adopt it. The bill will, of course, be supported by all chop-logicians and busy-bodies who think the world could be made better and more beautiful if we all were suddenly to begin counting in duodecimals.

Mr. Duke has turned his minority of four into a majority of one. It would have been a pity had all the trouble and excitement at Exeter been for nothing. Mr. St. Maur took his beating badly. To revile the umpire who honestly gives you "out" is not cricket. Mr. St. Maur had no excuse at all for his attack upon Mr. Justice Ridley; for the judges acquitted both him and his competitor entirely from any complicity in illegal practices. This was a sporting contest from the first. If the petition proves anything at all, it is that no defeated candidate should allow himself beaten on a majority of four. As to corrupt practice, the election was not half so good an opportunity for corruption as the petition itself.

Naturally when it became known that agents on both sides were distributing doles in return for confessions of illegal practice any number of needy rascals were ready to apply. The procedure on both sides amounted to an advertisement that any poor voter who would sign a statement that he had distributed bills, or otherwise offended against election law, would be suitably rewarded. The man who made two shillings by signing a statement of this kind at the Conservative office, and another two shillings for contradicting the statement at the Radical office, was simply spoiling

the Egyptians. Given the chance, these things would happen anywhere. These men found themselves in a tight position at Exeter. Denying their statements in Court, they were at once put upon a dilemma. Either they had, as they said, made false statements and been guilty of obtaining money under false pretences, or they were indictable as forswearers of what they had written.

It is a pity that Mr. Churchill's action for slander was not defended and that Mr. Churchill did not himself go into the box. The story that Mr. Churchill "ran away and broke his parole" has been used more than once by the baser sort of election speakers, and it was time the story was gone right through and settled for ever. It has travelled far and persisted obstinately. It was well that Mr. F. E. Smith appeared for Mr. Churchill. The Unionist party must not be mixed up with slanderous methods of any kind.

Mr. Swift MacNeill's question about Lord Haldane sitting as a Lord of Appeal seems to have been quite unnecessary. Mr. MacNeill himself certainly knew that if Lord Haldane's services were required the House of Lords could obtain them. Lord James of Hereford was exactly in the same position, and he has regularly sat as a Lord of Appeal. There is no law against lay peers sitting, and their abstention is only a matter of expedient custom. If peers like Lord James or Lord Haldane are needed either in the Lords or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, those Courts have only to ask them to sit, and all that is necessary is done. Whether Lord Haldane can take part in controversial politics too is also settled. It is an old question. Lord Robertson did and Lord James has done so. It may be a sort of anomaly; but while the Lord Chancellor and Lord Halsbury, both on the active list as Judges, make political speeches, the Lords of Appeal have high example before them.

Mr. Cave's report on the Police Inquiry appeared simultaneously with the reprieve of Morrison. The report finds that neither Inspectors Wensley and Ward nor Sergeant Brogden told Morrison he was arrested for murder. At the same time it shows that a natural mistake may have been made both by Morrison and Constable Greaves in supposing that Sergeant Brogden's remarks meant more than they really did. The reprieve was generally expected, as the trial abounded in matters of a doubtful character which the Criminal Appeal Court could not set right; and the prerogative of mercy was the only instrument of redress available. It is not, however, a case for pardon. The probabilities remain of Morrison's guilt, but in the affairs of life when we act on probabilities we do not necessarily adopt the extremest and most perilous form of action. It is quite "logical" to take a less dangerous alternative if there is one. This is the "logic" of Morrison being reprieved but not pardoned.

The House of Commons must always have a peg on which to hang a discussion, and this is the chief reason why the Admiralty have become so fond of the secret policy. We adopted the secret policy in 1905, and Germany followed us in 1906. It was most clearly against our interests, but all the Admiralty thought of was the opportunity it gave them to hoodwink Parliament. Now, however, the one positive step which the Foreign Office are bent upon is to break down the secret policy by mutual communication of programmes between Great Britain and Germany. One of the last real opportunities in Parliament for discussion was in 1909, when we had the programme of four certain armoured ships and four contingent ones. Here was an obvious send-off for discussion that four and four make eight; and the battle was waged round the jingle "We want eight and we won't wait". So little to the taste of the Government was the controversy that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill did not dare to address a single

meeting on the topic; and the Admiralty liked it even less.

We hope that Mr. Arthur Lee's insistence on the standard of two keels to one will be followed by a pronouncement from the Unionist Navy Committee. For here, again, is a real opportunity for discussion. "Germany is laying down four, therefore we must lay down eight." The Radicals, if they object, must show why we are to have a lower standard than that which Sir Edward Grey has pointed out was the standard of Gladstone's Government against France up to 1886. The Navy League committee, with several energetic branches to back it up, had a great opportunity of attracting to the League much needed support with this two keels to one policy. When the Government's programme of only five was announced, and we expected a vigorous agitation, there was a feeble protest in some newspapers. The truth is we have not a Navy League, except in name.

Peace talk being in the air, the peace folk have started a new cry, Mr. John Galsworthy leading them in an attack upon the aeroplane as a military weapon. Let not the new science be turned to purposes of destruction: let the Great Powers agree to bar the aeroplane and dirigible balloon from use in war. Mr. Galsworthy, who, it seems, has decided to give to "humanity" what was meant for mankind, urges his case with considerable show of reason. Boxers do not hit below the belt. Let nations be pitted with one another in bravery and skill, and bide by the issue without calling in new devilish engines of destruction. But this argument is a little late. It should have been brought up before the "devilish cannon" breached the wall at Harfleur. If war were really a game, powder and shot would have been barred from the first.

War, of course, is not a game; and the analogy can only mislead. A strong Government will not agree to any abatement from its right to fight with every weapon it can command. The only use of conferences and tribunals is to protect neutrals and non-combatants. It is true that in 1899 the First Hague Conference adopted for five years a resolution against the dropping of explosives from balloons. But in 1905—when the aerial weapon began actually to be seriously considered—all the Conference would do was to prohibit the dropping of explosives on "undefended" buildings. The Great Powers have, in effect, refused to be bound; and this being so, agitation of the kind Mr. Galsworthy has set on foot is merely foolish.

Few men know Rhodesia—or, indeed, South Africa—better than Mr. Charles Boyd. At the Colonial Institute on Tuesday he drew an extraordinarily vivid picture of the country. The new-day in Rhodesia is very different from the old. The problem of Rhodesia's inclusion in the South African Union, said Lord Milner, is imminent. Its solution must not be forced. Yet strenuous efforts to that end are inevitable. Mr. Boyd's account of the mineral and agricultural resources of Rhodesia affords ample explanation of any eagerness to make its riches a federal asset. "Anything may happen, as we know, in South Africa," Mr. Boyd pointed out. One thing that may happen is that when the time comes for Rhodesia to join the Union, Rhodesia may have to be partitioned. As Lord Milner said, South Africa must stop somewhere. Can Northern and Southern Rhodesia, quite distinct though they are, be separated? This question has to be faced before Rhodesia can be absorbed.

Wonders have been done in Rhodesia, but they who have made it what it is are still too busy in the work of development to think of spending several months of the year in Parliamentary duties at Pretoria or Cape Town. Development must go further before "the handsome marriage settlements" which the Union Government may be prepared to offer can be considered.

There is no question now of "saving" Rhodesia economically or financially. That, said Mr. Boyd, has been done. He looks to the Imperial Government to make the way of development easier by a guarantee which would relieve the Company of £200,000 a year in debenture interest. The Company approached the Government once, and is not minded to approach it again. 'Tis a pity and more than a pity, because "a vaster development, commensurate with Rhodesian possibilities, trembles in the balance".

The Young Turks have to deal with another insurrection in Albania, and so far they have not dealt with it very successfully. The Turks have been severely defeated, and communications with Scutari have been cut by the rebels. The Turks will doubtless suppress this insurrection as they suppressed the others, but this will not be the end of their difficulties in Albania. The Albanians will not fit into the Young Turkish imperial scheme. They mean to keep their own local customs intact, and they will always remember with regret the favours of Abdul Hamid, who was acute enough to treat them with more respect than the races less martial and more accessible to correction.

With Mulai Hafid for Sultan it is difficult to see how there can be an end of trouble in Morocco. The European Powers with which he is bound in strictest obligation cannot rely upon his good faith, and he is already driving the Moors to rebellion by his extortion and incompetence. Probably a fresh interference will be necessary from all the Powers who signed the Act of Algeciras. France and Spain, acting under the Act itself, can cope with the immediate difficulties, but the position will soon be as hopeless as ever. Sooner or later a new pretender will deal with Mulai Hafid as he dealt with Abdul Aziz. Then we shall have the whole wretched business over again—endless conference and negotiation with no real settlement at the end.

M. Monis, between the vigneron of the Aube and the vigneron of the Marne, is in a most unhappy position—all the more unhappy as M. Monis was himself in earlier days a vigneron, and rose to fame in his home district as an agitator on the delimitation question. As Prime Minister he is less lighthearted in his views—in fact, he is trying to shift the whole responsibility for the solution of the problem, which as a local agitator he found so simple, on to the Conseil d'Etat. For the present the dilemma of the Government remains. The vigneron of the Aube insist either upon being included in the Champagne area, or on abolishing the area altogether. The vigneron of the Marne, on the other hand, insist on preserving the delimitation which gives them all the advantages of an expensive label; in fact, no sooner did they hear that the Senate had adopted in principle the abolition of delimitation in the Champagne district than they marched in force to Dizy and broke 130,000 bottles of wine. Had the vote of the Senate been the other way, the vigneron of the Aube would doubtless have burned M. Monis in the effigy of a pig.

Mr. Justice Lawrance has given judgment in the "Queen of Madagascar" case, and made Mr. Horne liable for all the £3500 his wife obtained from Mr. Burdett, the Hampstead job-master. The case raises questions, in not at all a simple form, as to the liability of a man for his wife's civil wrong-doing. There is no difficulty if the verdict declares that Mr. Horne was practically particeps criminis with his wife; but it is not quite clear that it does. Its exact meaning will have to be discussed if there is an appeal; and a stay of execution has been granted. If the verdict does not amount to this, then the pure legal question of a husband's responsibility for his wife's torts arises; and the limits of it are not well defined in these days of married women's personal and property independence.

Kinematograph shows on Sunday under the pretence of charity will be hard hit if the recommendations of



the London County Council Theatre and Music Halls Committee are adopted. The sting is in the licensee or his servants having nothing to do with the arrangements beyond being responsible for observing the Council's regulations; and in the charity itself having to pay any employes. The proprietor will be stopped from making out fictitious or extravagant expenses, payment of wages and the like, with a nominal sum to the charity. Kinematograph charity has not been the genuine article; but under cover of it the proprietors have done what other entertainers could not—carried on their trade on Sundays and got seven days' work for six days' pay. We hope the conditions will kill the shows. Charities are not entitled to levy contributions from Sunday-sweated working men.

Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square is, it seems, to be turned into a museum for Londoners. It cannot be for the nation, as there is already a fine Johnson collection in the house at Lichfield. Someone suggests that the house in Gough Square should be kept as a "show-place", with free permission to Johnsonian Societies to meet there. The ordinary pilgrim, we imagine, seldom gets nearer to the shrine than the "Cheshire Cheese", in Wine Office Court hard by; and it scarcely seems likely that such a house, hemmed in by printing houses, would be suited to quiet evening discussion or lectures.

Johnson lived there—or, as Boswell says, "part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square"—from 1748 to 1758, and fitted up the attic "like a counting-house" for the use of his copyists while working at the Dictionary. When, some eighty years later, Carlyle paid it a visit, he found it in a sorry condition, with a "plot of delfed ground somewhat larger than a bed-quilt". It would seem that the house has been used until quite recently as a printer's workshop, and presses have been running in the basement. Now it is being washed and cleaned, doubtless for pious presentation to the public by its purchaser, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth. The fabric, though badly shaken by the printing machinery, is sound, and is a fair specimen of early eighteenth century architecture.

Sir Alfred Lyall belonged to the school of philosophical Anglo-Indian civilians who have done as much as the soldier himself to make the Indian Empire what it is. He was an Imperialist to the finger tips; his enthusiasm for British achievements in India was born not merely of close study but of actual, even bitter, experience. He went through the Mutiny. Historian of the rise and expansion of British dominion in India, he believed that India's best interests, and with them British interests also, were to be served by consolidation. He was under no illusion as to Russian and British aims in Asia, and when the two Powers were in danger of collision over Afghanistan he advocated agreement with Russia rather than commitments to the Amir. He always took the larger view and tackled the larger problem. His services to the Empire and to scholarship were considerable, and they did not go unrewarded.

A Church procession on the highway is an unaccustomed sight in this country. The thing suggests to most of us either the Roman Catholic countries of the Continent or the Salvation Army here. It is not the way of the *via media*. But if the number of pilgrims on this *via media*—the Anglican way—are not as many nor their march as firm and rapid as the Church demands, her leaders are justified in going out into the highways and compelling men to come in. The Good Friday procession from Trafalgar Square to St. Paul's could hardly not arrest attention to the day. It is not a pleasant sarcasm on a Christian country that its people should have to be arrested into thinking why they are not at work on Good Friday as on other Fridays. The Crucifixion's appeal to the multitude is compelling. How is it that so many yet pass by?

#### THE NEMESIS OF TINKERING.

"WHAT a tangled web we weave when once we practise to deceive". By which we do not mean that the Government are engaging in any exceptionally flagrant attempt, for politicians, to deceive the public. There is no need at this moment to insist on a terrible charge of fraud against the Government. But the debates on the Parliament Bill this week could but call up the old saw (not less wise for being old), for at every turn one felt how difficult it is for a mischief maker to know where his mischief will end. Once begin meddling, and especially meddling with a machine, and you cannot tell where your meddling will land you. Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman propounded his resolutions with the air of the plain blunt man who had the simplest, almost an obvious, proposal to make. There was nothing complicated about it: no difficulties: no room for mistake. Mr. Asquith has had considerable experience of the political and party effects of these proposals, which Sir Henry could not have; and we have no doubt the Government have a very fair idea of what they want in their House of Lords policy, and honestly desire to express what they want in a Bill. They may have thought over this Bill very carefully, but with all their care they have not been able to foresee even the immediate effect of their own proposals, they have not realised how one change involves another change almost in unending series: they seem to have thought they could just take from the House of Lords its power over legislation and leave everything else in the Constitution exactly as it was. Indeed this seems to have been precisely their object. Logic they have spurned. In their conservatism they are content to leave untouched a Second Chamber they have long pronounced to be indefensible, provided that it no longer interferes with their Bills. They would merely in the shortest possible Bill make the House of Commons supreme.

But short as the Bill is, it makes the Constitution partly written, with the result that all sorts of things that have been left indefinite and settled on no principle but solely by the play of circumstance and of the moment have now to be brought out of this shifting region and fixed once and for all. Meanings which under existing practice have undoubtedly varied widely from time to time have now to be tied down to a particular form of words. Definition can no longer be avoided: and no definition fits in with all the facts. A suggestion of Lord Hugh Cecil brought out into strong relief the immense change immediately produced by the attempt to fix any part of an arrangement that has hitherto been fluid. Despairing of getting a satisfactory definition of a money Bill Lord Hugh proposed that they should merely declare in the Bill the existing use. A money Bill shall be "such a Bill as according to the usage and practice of Parliament in respect to the privileges of the House of Commons it has not been customary for the House of Lords to amend". Mr. Asquith has always said that his desire is to embody in this Bill the existing position, as, of course, he understands it, between the two Houses as to money Bills. Yet he was unable to accept an amendment declaring that the existing condition shall stand. Naturally, too; for the moment the thing is put in black and white, its uncertainty becomes impossible. Hardly a word in Lord Hugh's amendment could not be challenged and construed in many different ways. Something more watertight had to be found; therefore the nature of a money Bill has to be ascertained and fixed; the position of the two Houses as to these Bills when defined must be settled rigidly; with the result that we discover it to be impossible to find a definition of a money Bill which will explain itself and that an authority must be set up to decide whether the definition applies to any particular Bill or not. This is limiting the power of Parliament—the very last thing contemplated by a Government that cannot endure the direct appeal to the people precisely on the ground that this appeal would limit the present omnipotency of Parliament. It is, of course, true that the Speaker is a member of



Parliament, but for an assembly purporting to represent the nation by means of local representatives to hand over its powers entire on a question vitally important to the country to one only of its members is to derogate from its authority and is a proceeding which constituents might object to as in spirit ultra vires. It is for a very important purpose putting a single member over all Parliament. Is this democracy? Like it or not, the grand effect of the Government's constitutional meddling is to throw doubt on the British palladium of government—the supremacy of Parliament. In fact representative government, like many other worthy things, will not stand tinkering; tinkering one flaw discovers another until the whole has to be given up as past repair. Those who think well of representative government should leave well alone; or they will regret it. This one proposal to make the Speaker decide whether a Bill is or is not a money Bill must by itself gravely modify the position of the House of Commons. Either he will be above Parliament or he will become a partisan: either way the House loses. Nor can matters end there. If he becomes a partisan there will soon be a move to take the business out of his hands: if he becomes judicial, there will be a demand for revision of his judgment by some other authority, probably extra-parliamentary. A Speaker may give a decision which, though perfectly honest, plainly misconstrues the Act's definition of a money Bill. This misconstruction will adversely affect one party or another and the injured party will not rest until a revising authority has been set up—another step in the limitation of the powers of the House.

It seems to us that the Government have raised a question that neither Ministerialists nor Opposition will be able to lay. They have not let the sleeping dog lie. What is or is not a money Bill has till now depended on circumstances. The content of the term has now to be put in a strait formula; and the Government have confessed their failure to do it. The debate ended with admission by Mr. Asquith that the definition is imperfect and a profession of readiness to improve it; meantime the definition has not been improved in any way. Nor do we believe they will ever so define a money Bill as to be able to dispense with an arbiter to settle the definition's application; and no satisfactory suggestion who shall be that arbiter has been made. Mr. Balfour showed the peril of taking the Speaker, but he hardly proposed a better plan. It is probably true, as Mr. Asquith said, that a mixed committee of the two Houses with the Speaker as chairman with a casting vote would in fact result in making the Speaker arbiter. The other members would have to vote with their party. If the Government had the courage of their policy, they would make the Prime Minister decide what was a money Bill. It would be unjust and would make the Government plainly despotic; but so far it would only be consistent with the whole Government plan; and at any rate it would work. But this would show the country too plainly what the drift of the Government policy was. To be unabashed in ill-doing requires some bigness.

We sincerely hope the country will attend to this point in the Parliament Bill. It is by no means only a matter for members of Parliament and constitutional lawyers. As the definition of a money Bill now stands, so far as we can see after reading the debate, there is hardly a measure that could not be introduced technically as a money Bill with the result that it would become law in the same session in which it was introduced. This is exactly what the extreme Radicals want. They see themselves always in power. They will not always be in power, but the mischief they could do even in a single session is too serious for us to be content to sit quiet till our turn comes to do as much mischief as they.

#### FRESH "TRIUMPHS" FOR FREE TRADE.

WE are bidden rejoice over the Japanese treaty as a triumph for Free Trade and the Canadian reciprocity arrangement is hailed as a new proof of the efficacy of Cobdenism. The challenge may be accepted

with confidence. No one will dispute the contention that the new place of Japan among the nations is very largely due to British recognition and support. Politically Japan is our ally, and morally she owes us no small debt of gratitude. Commercially also she is in no slight degree beholden to us, for we provide a market for three and three-quarter million pounds' worth of her exports, and our purchases from her have increased eightfold in the last thirty years. If ever, therefore, there was a field for Free Trade negotiation it is in the case of Japan. Yet we find that she can impose upon our manufactures a tariff which on the most sanguine estimate will hit Lancashire and Yorkshire severely, and having no means of tariff negotiation our Ministers are powerless to avert the blow. It is true that Sir Edward Grey and the Radical press, following the thoroughly dishonest "prefatory note" attached to the White Paper presented to Parliament, do not tell us the bold and unpleasant fact. They set up the pretence that because Japan does not put her new "statutory tariff" into full force against us we have reason for congratulation. See, they declare, what Free Trade can do for you in safeguarding British commerce against foreign tariffs. As someone has said, it is as though a man sentenced to be drawn, hanged and quartered were expected to rejoice at the commutation of his sentence into one of drawing and hanging only. Japan's new statutory tariff, like the new maximum tariff of the United States, is set up for negotiating purposes and for that alone. It is of the spirit of the Eastern bazaar where a seller opens his bargaining by asking ten times as much as he is prepared to take. Nations like Germany which have something to give Japan in return for concessions will get a good measure of what they seek in the way of lower duties; we having nothing to give get the magnificent reward of concessions upon parts of six out of the six hundred and forty-seven items which make up the new schedules. Count Komura warned us to expect no more when he announced in January 1910 that while negotiations would be entered upon with other nations the interests of Great Britain need not be considered: Great Britain having "what is called a Free Trade policy, there is no room for a convention with that country". We have to be content with the crumbs. We shall not know the full measure of this latest hindrance to our export trade until the tariff is in full operation in July next. We shall then see with what success the Customs authorities at Tokyo will manipulate the new and highly complicated specific duties to the disadvantage of our cotton and other goods. But no unprejudiced observer can doubt that had we had the means to talk in the tariff language which is the only language understood of Japan and all the other civilised nations of the world, excepting ourselves alone, we should not now have to lament the gradual closing of another of our promising oversea markets.

Consider also the lessons of the Canada-United States reciprocal arrangement. What Canada gets from the agreement she gets because she possesses a negotiating tariff. What Great Britain loses she loses because she has no means short of war of telling the United States that she will not tolerate discriminating duties against her goods, especially when that discrimination is used as a wedge to assist in the dismemberment of the British Empire. Thanks to the investigations of the Tariff Commission and the well-directed pertinacity of a few, unfortunately a very few, Unionist members of Parliament, and especially of Lord Ampthill and Mr. Remnant, the facts have been dragged from reluctant Ministers. The astute negotiators of Washington have managed to abolish entirely the preference in the Canadian market on £668,000 worth of competing British goods. They have secured a material reduction of the preference on £439,000 worth of other competing British goods, and they show no disposition to extend to British traders the special Customs regulations and other advantages to be given to Canada. That were bad enough. But even worse, from the point of view of Imperial unity, is the success of the manoeuvre of Mr. Taft and his co-workers by which they have tempted

Canada to become party to an entirely new departure in Imperial policy. Under the new agreement one State of the Empire is drawn into a compact for preferential treatment by a foreign country which is not shared by the United Kingdom and other parts of the King's Dominions. In 1892 the United States Government offered Canada an exclusive arrangement of this character, and it was refused on the ground that Canada could not be associated with a differentiation against her Mother Country. But much has happened since 1892. For one thing Canada has made repeated offers of trade partnership with us, and every one of these offers has been peremptorily refused. We banged the door and the United States has opened it. Our Free Trade Ministers have gone on their own beneficent way fulfilling the mandate of their apostle whose chosen mission it was to shake off the Colonies from their allegiance; and so it comes about, in the words which Mr. Taft has adopted from Mr. Chamberlain, that Canada stands at the parting of the ways. The agreement has not yet escaped the shoals of Washington politics, and in Canada Sir Wilfrid Laurier is being made to realise that in the opinion of a majority of his fellow-countrymen there are higher national aims than the acceptance of foreign bribes. But if the Empire escapes the peril in which it now stands, it will be no thanks to British statesmen or to Mr. Bryce's guardianship of the British and Imperial interests committed to his charge.

Speaking at Lambeth last week, Mr. Balfour pleaded once again for a new conception of Empire problems. Never, he said, was there a period in the history of the world when it more behoved the inhabitants of these islands increasingly to strengthen their organised hold upon the great territories where British institutions stand for good order, good government, freedom of conscience, education, security, and prosperity. In the struggle of modern commerce great advantages belong to a large rather than to a small organisation, and Mr. Balfour had no difficulty in showing, as he has often done before, that we fail signally to bring together the sister democracies of which the Empire in the main consists, and to use in the best possible collective way their and our unlimited resources. "If", he added, "we and our sister States will consent to organise ourselves for defence, for commerce, for many aspects of higher education, for many purposes of high civilisation, we shall obtain a strength which we never could hope to get if we were all separate, all isolated, united merely by the sympathy of a common origin, a common language and common institutions, but with nothing apart from these sentimental and historical aspects to keep us together". These words should be written over every department in Whitehall. There are supporters of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons who are at this moment joining in petitions to Mr. Asquith to attempt the creation of something like an Imperial Senate or Imperial Council. In this matter of Empire consolidation we must be careful not to get out of touch with even the slowest member of the Imperial family, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Botha have made it plain by their past and present utterances that it is on the basis not of representation in an Imperial assembly, but of more intimate commercial relations that we may make the next step forward in Empire partnership. The memorandum issued this week by the Tariff Commission on Most Favoured Nation arrangements in relation to the Canadian reciprocity agreement with the United States shows how we may by this means find a way of escape, the only way of escape, from the embarrassed condition into which Cobdenism is now throwing the relations of the States of the Empire with one another and with foreign countries. If we do not move forward unitedly as an Empire on the lines which the Dominions have marked out for us, there is nothing but disintegration and dismemberment ahead.

The proposal of the Tariff Commission is as simple as it is statesmanlike. It is that the powers of the States of the Empire should be used jointly and not separately in the negotiation of commercial treaties in

the certain knowledge that the advantages so obtained by every one of them will be far greater than by separate and isolated action. The United Kingdom is and will long remain the world's greatest market, and the bargaining power of every State of the Empire must, as Mr. Deakin has said, be greatly increased by joint action over the far wider range of negotiation which would thus be provided. But the Dominions must become real partners in the negotiations, and the Mother Country must resume her former power of direct negotiation. If we do not speedily take this way out of accumulating difficulties we shall find Canada driven into the adoption of the United States interpretation of foreign trade relations and divorcing herself entirely from the whole Imperial system. That is just what both Mr. Taft and the Cobdenites would welcome. But the choice lies with the British people, whose traditions emanate from neither Washington nor Manchester.

#### TURKEY'S EMBARRASMENTS.

IT is amusing to remember that the defeat of the Yildiz garrison by the Macedonian Army Corps was once regarded as a victory for constitutionalism. At most all that it meant was that a despotism purely military had replaced a despotism partly religious. But the revolutionaries who had learnt their soldiering from the Germans had borrowed their ideas from the French. Instead of facing facts as they really were the new governors of Turkey elaborated a strange doctrinaire conception of an Ottoman nationality, transcending both racial and religious feelings, which was to be called into being all over the Empire by a bureaucracy on the Prussian model. At once the fanatics took the alarm. The Moslems of Albania, whom Abdul Hamid had sedulously petted, prepared a revolt. The Arabs of the Yemen, long misgoverned and always in rebellion, were roused to fury at the thought that the holy places were in the custody of heretics. The Government acted with promptitude in order to save its face. A strong expedition was sent to Arabia, and the tribes were momentarily overawed. In Albania the Christians were pacified with promises, while a Turkish army put a tolerable aspect on things by driving the Moslems into the mountains; and for the moment it seemed as though the new Government had overcome its difficulties.

To-day it is clear that these energetic measures completely failed, and the situation at both ends of the Empire is at least as bad as it has ever been. Constantinople has again championed Islam, which is, after all, the one powerful idea in Turkey, and Christian Albania is in full revolt. Will the Albanians be left to fight their own battles, or will some European Power intervene either directly or through Montenegrin agency? None can say. The information of the Balkan Committee is worthless. In the old days the "investigators" sent out by that body were in the hands of Greek interpreters, and were shown what was thought good for them by the Orthodox Church. To-day the interpreter is supplied by Constantinople, and the point of view has accordingly become official. For the rest the information obtained is as one-sided and as useless as ever.

Outside Albania, however, there are certain significant signs. The rebels of last year were well supplied both with money and with arms. If the source of these supplies could be ascertained much would be explained. Light, for example, would be thrown on the real relations between the Albanian rebels and the Montenegrin Government. As it is, we can only note that Montenegro, long regarded as a Slav outpost against the Austrian advance, has suddenly developed cordial relations with Vienna. Is this, too, a result of the Potsdam meeting; and even if Russian objections were then silenced, what compensation has been offered to Italy? What, again, is the real explanation of Count Aehrenthal's holiday, and why has it been found necessary to recall the Austrian Ambassador from Con-



Constantinople to act as his *locum tenens*? And, finally, who is responsible for the repeated demand for intervention in Albania on the part of the Austrian Catholic press? The circumstances suggest that Vienna is hesitating over another coup, a conclusion which lends point to the German Emperor's long private talk with his ally a few days ago. But whatever is done or left undone, we may trust Sir Edward Grey to express his pained astonishment.

The turn of events in the Yemen depends less obviously on international questions. During the greater part of Abdul Hamid's reign Ahmed Feizi carried on a campaign against the rebellious Arabs. He fought without guns, without commissariat, without hospitals, without trained troops; in fact, without everything except courage. Clearly the new Government was bound to make a determined effort to bring this long record of wasted lives and money to an end. The facts, however, do not justify us in regarding the present outbreak as merely the last of a series of revolts. The Arabs of the Yemen are no longer fighting alone. They have been joined by the Arabs of the neighbouring district of Assir. Should the coalition endure it will involve serious consequences, for Assir stretches up almost all the way to Mecca.

It is this coalition which has given the rebellion international importance. Britain of course is suspected of instigating the Arab alliance. The hinterland of Aden abuts on the Yemen, and the British are thus able to stir up agitation should they so choose. As a matter of fact, the British authorities have long held most sedulously aloof from all these quarrels, and have done their utmost to keep on the best terms with the Turkish Government. But the German press has not missed its opportunity, and the Turk is always ready to suspect bad faith. The point should be borne in mind, for if ever an attempt is made to restore British influence in Constantinople, the possibility of interference in the Yemen will be one of the strongest cards in our hands.

The Englishman used to regarding Turkey as the sick man still wonders whether every successive crisis heralds the final dissolution. The last two years, however, should have taught him that Turkey possesses a vitality of her own. Since the revolution there has been much talk about politics in Turkey, and the rebellions in the frontier provinces are carefully watched by patriots with theories of Turkish regeneration. Another Bosnian crisis would destroy the present Government, as the Government itself knows well enough. But if it perishes what is to take its place? At present two theories hold the field. There are some who believe that Turkey can be administered more or less on Austrian lines. They favour grants of provincial autonomy on a large scale, and hope that the Empire will be held together by an army in which all races serve. There are others who insist that Abdul Hamid was right in idea, though out of date in method, and who would make the Moslems sole rulers of a subject Christian population. At the time of its establishment the new Government attempted to combine both these ideas. All Turkish subjects were to serve in the Ottoman Army, but the new conception of Ottomanism was mainly Moslem.

The rebellions supply the best commentary on this policy. Christian Albania and ultra-Moslem Yemen are both in revolt, and the average Ottoman subject is bound to sympathy with one rebel or the other. The Government finds itself isolated, and its life depends on the loyalty of the Macedonian Corps to its officers. In the hope of retaining that loyalty the old cosmopolitanism has been abandoned. The Christian Albanian is no longer able to greet the Moslem as a brother, and the struggle is again between Cross and Crescent. For this reason it is all the more important to restore order in the Yemen. Only a Turkish Government thoroughly representative of Islam can face the foreign complications which the suppression of the Albanian revolt is likely to bring, and the claim of the Young Turks to represent Islam cannot be sustained unless Arabia itself is somehow quietened. That is why so much is felt to turn upon the safety of Sanaa, the headquarters of

the Turkish administration. For if the Yemen campaign ends with disaster—which is unlikely—the advocates of autonomy must be given their chance. And if the conception of Turkey as a purely Moslem Power is definitely thrown aside, what cohesive force will be left capable of holding the Empire together anyhow?

#### THE SWANSEA SCANDAL.

THE Swansea School case, on which the House of Lords said the decisive word last week, has shattered the good name of the Board of Education under Radical Government, and has shaken the public confidence in the competency, if not in the impartiality, of the Civil Service. It is proved not only that the Board has broken the law but that it has for some reason or other thrown obstacle after obstacle in the way of the justice which persons who represented a cause hateful to the party in power were struggling to obtain. Assuming that the Board has only blundered through the stupidity of its members or bad legal advice, the position is sufficiently serious. It suggests grave risks in the adoption of any scheme of social reform in which the rights of individuals are subjected to the discretion of a bureaucracy. But if the Government and the Board of Education can show that these deplorable blunders can be explained by mere stupidity, and that the action of the Board was ~~not~~ directed by political or sectarian partisanship, they should lose no time in convincing us that they were merely stupid. Meanwhile, the facts of the case as proved in Court have an ugly look.

Before, however, we approach the details, a word must be said on the recent history of the education controversy in Wales, a history which is probably the chief cause of the Government's difficulties. After the passing into law of the Education Act of 1902 Mr. Lloyd George urged the local authorities in Wales to resist the Act and to deny rate support to the non-provided schools. At his instigation some Welsh County Councils affected to defy the law; but in the main the revolt proved a fiasco. The agitation, however, created among Welsh Nonconformists the belief that it was a sacred duty on their part to starve Church schools out of existence, and with this belief the Swansea Education authority seems to have been inspired. Now the legal coercion of a Welsh authority for putting into practice the principles which Mr. Lloyd George preached in the days when he enjoyed the freedom of the agitation of the countryside would be an unpleasant thing not only for the right honourable gentleman himself but for the Cabinet of which he is a member. This fact must therefore be borne in mind, as we try to unravel the skein of this complicated and mysterious story.

In the year 1902 the Education Act became law, under which the duty was cast on the local Education authority of maintaining and keeping efficient all elementary schools in its district. At the time of the passing of this Act there were in Swansea eight voluntary schools, one of which was situated in Oxford Street, and a good many board schools. Under the new law these schools were in future known as non-provided and provided schools. In 1904 the Swansea Education authority agreed to pay to the teachers in both classes of schools their former salaries. In 1907 the Education authority made fresh regulations as to school management, and thereunder the rate of salaries in the provided schools, already higher than those in the non-provided, was increased. Thereupon the teachers in the non-provided schools demanded a similar rise in their salaries; but to this their managers would not consent unless the local authority provided the money, which it refused to do. In February 1908 the managers of the Oxford Street school complained to the Board of Education that the local authority was not carrying out its duties under the Education Acts, which imposed on it the duty of keeping the Oxford Street school efficient, and was making an unfair discrimination between provided and non-provided schools. On receiving this complaint the Board of Education took a



sensible step. It sent down to Swansea an eminent lawyer, Mr. J. A. Hamilton K.C. (now Mr. Justice Hamilton), unconnected with either political party, to hold an inquiry. At this inquiry the local Education authority made no attempt to show that there existed any circumstances whatever which would justify it in its refusal to treat the Oxford Street school in the matter of teachers' salaries differently from the provided schools. Mr. Hamilton decided, indeed, that the Oxford Street school had, in fact, been kept efficient, but that this had been done, not by the assistance of the local authority, but by funds which the managers had contributed. He came to the conclusion that it would not be practicable to keep the teaching staff of this school together, nor to obtain a staff capable of keeping the school efficient, unless higher salaries were paid to the teachers than those which the Education authority would pay. In other words, he held that the charge of the school managers was proved, and that the Swansea Education authority had failed in its legal duty, which was to keep the Oxford Street school efficient. When this report reached the Board of Education its duty was clear. It should have sent peremptory orders to the Swansea Education authority to perform its legal duty and to put the Oxford Street school in a state of full efficiency, and, if necessary, it should have enforced its orders by legal proceedings. Apart from all questions of law, moreover, the Board had a duty to the children who were being educated in non-provided schools at Swansea. For many years prior to the passing of the Education Act of 1902 it had been a charge frequently urged against our educational system that under it schools were starved. One of the chief reasons why the Board of Education was entrusted with its powers was that efficiency of education might not be impaired by the parsimony or prejudice of a local authority. The duty of the Board was at once as a matter of humanity to relieve the cruel strain which the tyranny of the Swansea authority had imposed upon the Oxford Street school, a tyranny exercised because the parents of the children attending the school desired for them an orthodox Christian education.

Now let us see what steps the Board actually took. Mr. Hamilton closed his inquiry on 1 August 1908; but it was only in the middle of the following December that the Board reported its decision by letter to the school managers. Its letter showed that on receiving Mr. Hamilton's report the Board took a legal opinion. Why was this done? The Board had received the opinion of an eminent lawyer who was shortly afterwards made a Judge by the Government of which the President of the Board of Education who sent Mr. Hamilton to Swansea was a member—an opinion which every Judge before whom the case has been heard has substantially endorsed. Why, we ask, did the Board, instead of doing its duty, waste time and further increase by this delay the strain on the Oxford Street school? Are we to see in this the effort of some member of the Government to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of Swansea dissent? The conclusion of the letter was extraordinary. Not only did the Board throw over Mr. Hamilton's report, not only did it refuse to exercise the powers vested in it of determining the question whether or not the Swansea authority was neglecting to perform the duty imposed on it by law. It solemnly declared that it was not satisfied that it would be impossible to carry on the school at the old salaries without loss of efficiency, and for evidence it appealed to the judgment of the Education authority—to the wolf as to the lamb's rights. A more amazing document has rarely emanated from the public office of a civilised State. But worse remains. The school managers promptly applied to the Courts to compel the Board to decide the point that had been raised and not to start irrelevant issues. Every Judge who heard the case agreed that the Board had neglected to perform its legal duty. In the Court of Appeal the Master of the Rolls, a Liberal and a Nonconformist, declared that the decision of the Board was so perverse as to amount to a refusal to exercise its jurisdiction. Yet after this,

to the scandalous waste of public money, the Board carried the case to the House of Lords, and here the argument for the appellants was so weak that counsel for the respondents were not even called upon to argue. In a word, the Board of Education and their legal advisers have, on the flimsiest of pretexts, done all in their power to protract a religious persecution and this at the expense of the taxpayers. A Parliamentary inquiry into this scandal is an imperative duty. But the old tactics are still pursued and all discussion is stopped by a blocking motion. Meanwhile, under stress of the orders of the Court, the Board of Education is again considering the question. Will further delays be imposed or will Swansea dissent be forced to stop its game of religious persecution? Happily the mandamus, which has been obtained, is a useful weapon to the cause of justice. Whatever course, however, the Board may now take, the reasons for its past action must be sternly sifted, if the Civil Service is to keep its reputation. One thing it has taught us, that an English Government office under Radical direction is prepared to encourage the persecution of the faith in the manner, if not of Diocletian, at least in that of Julian the Apostate.

### THE CITY.

THE remarkable strength of the home railway market on the eve of the Easter holidays and at the close of a nineteen-day account, following upon a prolonged rise in quotations, has completely upset the calculations of a number of professional dealers. In normal times it would have been perfectly safe to count upon a reaction in such circumstances. As a rule, very few operators care to carry their bull commitments over the Easter week-end, and the incidence of a nineteen-day account alone is generally sufficient to induce wholesale realisations. In point of fact, there has been a slight reduction in the volume of trading, and some profit-taking has been effected; but in view of the disclosure of a very large bull account at the carry-over, and of the imposition of exceptionally heavy contango rates, the actual amount of liquidation is surprisingly small. Many jobbers had confidently expected a reaction before the close of the last account, and in that expectation had allowed their books to run "short" of stock "against" the public. To some extent this professional bear position counterbalanced the large bull commitments that were open on behalf of speculators; but there is no doubt in the minds of conservative observers that the bull account has become rather unwieldy, and that a "shake-out" with a decline of 2 or 3 points would prove beneficial to the technical condition of the market.

The high contango rates on several home railway stocks were expected to cause a good deal of liquidation; but here again the jobbers appear to have been disappointed; for many purchasers who might have carried over their stock, took it off the market or went to the banks for accommodation. Then the improvement in the weather gave promise of fine Easter traffics and so the bears were, so to speak, defeated on all sides, and the strength of the market this week may have been largely due to short covering, as most market men are very loth to depart for holidays with their books showing a balance on the wrong side.

One feature of the present situation which gives serious people reason for exercising caution is the nature of the rumours that are in circulation to explain the continuance of the rise. For example, it is suggested that the London and North Western will eventually absorb the South Eastern Company, and, again, it is argued that the Midland may amalgamate with the Great Eastern. Of course, such developments are not physically impossible, but they are extremely improbable, and exaggerated stories of this description generally indicate the beginning of the end of a bull movement. Yet, he would be a bold prophet who would confidently assert that the "boom" has reached its apex. Traffic returns are remarkably good, trade returns are excellent, the

outlook remains most encouraging, and—most important of all—the public appetite shows no sign of satiety, much of the stock purchased being taken up for investment. The only doubtful factor in the railway position is labour, and at present no fears are expressed in that direction.

While the home railway market has absorbed by far the greater share of attention, good business, though on a smaller scale, is reported in other British stocks. Canadian securities still stand prominently in the public favour. Canadian Pacifics have been slightly depressed by what looks like a very moderate gain of \$87,000 in gross earnings for the first week of April; but the earnings of the corresponding week last year, with which comparison is made, were exceptionally large, showing an increase of \$404,000 above the 1909 figures. Statements made by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the line, who is now on a visit to England, have directed renewed attention to the immense potentialities of the Canadian Pacific system and considerable purchases of the common stock are still being made for investment, despite the high premium at which the quotation stands. The yield at the present price is about 4.40 per cent., which is quite satisfactory in view of the great promise the future holds for the company. Grand Trunk securities, of course, stand on a very different footing, but here, too, the financial outlook is improving day by day, and some good buying for "lock-up" purposes is in progress. The aggregate increase in gross earnings on the Grand Trunk system to date since 1 January is £107,694, following on one of £343,535 in the corresponding period of 1910.

The American market is still in a state of acute apprehension regarding the attitude of the Supreme Court towards the Trusts. At any rate, that is the excuse for the present dullness. The Kaffir section and, in fact, the mining markets generally are also in a moribund condition. In the rubber department the fall in the price of the raw material has effectively checked any disposition to buy stocks at present, and it looks as if the public is heartily tired of being caught in the obviously manipulative operations of professionals during the last few months.

Oil shares alone among the smaller fry of the markets have enjoyed any semblance of activity, and in this section Maikop descriptions have blazed up on the news that at last the pipe line to Ekaterinodar is ready to carry oil. It must, however, be pointed out that the capacity of the pipe line and the contracts that have been entered into will not permit the marketing of all the oil that is ready for transport. Only a few favoured companies, including the Black Sea Oilfields, the Maikop Victory, and the London and Maikop Oil Corporation, will be able to derive immediate benefit from the opening of the pipe line. Other companies will have to wait some months, and when this fact is recognised there may be a reaction. Moreover, the effectiveness of the pipe line to Ekaterinodar has yet to be proved.

## THE GROWTH OF BUREAUCRACY.

BY LORD ROBERT CECIL.

**B**UREAUCRACY, by which I mean the uncontrolled power of ministers and officials, is becoming an increasingly serious danger to the liberties of the country. Time after time in the last few months Government Departments have with impunity been guilty of gross injustice or definite illegality. The Home Office has been perhaps the worst sinner in this respect. At Tony Pandy the Home Secretary chose to imagine that gushing messages were more effective to restrain riotous hooligans than military reinforcements, with the result that the unhappy town was given over for days to tumult and pillage. The House of Commons was sitting at the time. Yet no steps were taken till weeks afterwards, when effective action had become impossible, to punish this gross administrative blunder. Next, Mr. Churchill released from well-deserved imprisonment the so-called Dartmoor Shepherd for no valid reason except

to furnish Mr. Lloyd George with a Mile End peroration. This prostitution of the royal prerogative of mercy, for it was nothing else, was apparently treated as a highly amusing incident by the majority of the present House of Commons. In order to balance these pieces of criminal sentimentality, some hundreds of defenceless if misguided women were battered and beaten for hours, as they allege, by the London police, and when complaint was made all redress or even inquiry was refused by the same Minister. No question here arises as to the desirability of woman suffrage. Women may or may not be fit to vote. All they are claiming on this occasion is justice. Nor is the charge chiefly against the police. Some of them may or may not have acted brutally. The real question is, Were orders given by the Home Office of such a character that violent and unjustifiable treatment of the women was certain to ensue? Into that question—surely one of the utmost importance to every citizen—the Home Secretary refused to allow any independent inquiry, and the Representatives of the People scarcely raised a protest against his action.

If these incidents stood alone, they would be bad enough. They would show that one highly placed official had gravely misused his powers and had yet escaped with little or no public censure. But Mr. Churchill's experience is, in fact, far from unique. There are the astonishing proceedings of the Admiralty in the Archer-Shee case. True, after many months and even years, partial reparation—in such a case complete reparation is impossible—has been made to the actual victims of bureaucratic injustice. But the Minister who is not only constitutionally responsible for the grotesque action of the Osborne authorities but is far more directly answerable for the repeated attempts to stifle all inquiry into the case—gets off scott-free, and is indeed treated by the House of Commons as if he had behaved with the utmost generosity. Parliamentary clemency to the Education Minister has been even more remarkable. It so happens that in educational matters it is sometimes possible to review administrative action in the Courts of Law, and there have not been wanting individuals and societies of sufficient wealth to take advantage of this remedy. In every case where this has been done the Government have been beaten. The last instance was that tissue of administrative chicanery and injustice known as the Swansea Case. It is impossible within the limits of this article to enter into the details of the story. But anyone who has at all studied it will agree that no worse public scandal has occurred in this country for many years. To these proved instances of Departmental iniquity must be added many others which could not be brought under judicial consideration. The failure to enforce payment of the Merioneth teachers, the non-recognition of Towyn school, and the attempted misapplication of the Wheelwright Charity are only three of a large number of similar perversions of administrative power for political and sectarian purposes. Yet Mr. Runciman is parliamentarily secure. No one supposes that even if the House of Commons is allowed to discuss effectively his official action, it will not give him a vote of confidence by the normal ministerial majority.

The latest, and in some ways the most instructive, instance of the immunity from parliamentary censure enjoyed by the modern bureaucrat is furnished by the so-called income-tax incident. The facts are simple enough. Owing to miscalculation, intentional or accidental, in last year's Budget the Treasury found itself at the close of the financial year 1910-11 in possession of a considerable surplus of revenue over expenditure. By the general law, all such realised surplus, as it is called, has to be paid into the sinking fund, and goes in reduction of the National Debt. It is not, therefore, available for expenditure next year. But Mr. Lloyd George is pledged to make various costly gifts to the electorate on which the Government are relying for a continuance of their popularity. For several reasons the Government do not wish to increase taxation, and after all their talk about the importance of reducing debt they do not like openly to raid the sinking fund.

How, then, are they to get the money necessary for their vote-catching legislation? Some ingenious person proposed that if large income-tax payers could be induced to defer their payments till after the close of the financial year, their money could be kept out of the sinking fund and would be available for next year's expenditure. The collectors of income-tax were therefore instructed to suggest to certain Railway Companies and others that they need not be in a hurry to pay their taxes. Now observe the sequel. Even in the present House of Commons such an outrage on all constitutional propriety could not pass quite unnoticed. Accordingly, questions have been put on the subject by some of the ablest and most respected members of the Opposition. At first the Minister disclaimed all responsibility. He tried to pretend that tax collectors were entirely outside the control of the Treasury. Unfortunately, there is a section of a statute providing explicitly that collectors are under the orders of the Board of Inland Revenue who are the creatures of the Treasury. Then it was suggested that the collectors acted under the orders of a subordinate official. It was subsequently admitted that the official is no other than the Chairman of the Board. Does anyone believe that a man in a responsible position could have taken such extraordinary action without the sanction of his political chiefs? Obviously the Prime Minister does not, for he has refused a request for the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry—a refusal which the Ministerial majority accepted with its usual subservience. Here, then, is a direct defiance of the law by the bureaucracy, a diversion to other purposes of money legally applicable to the reduction of debt. And this is attempted to be done without even the knowledge of that House which we are told in another connexion must be absolutely supreme in all financial matters. Such a proceeding can only be described as a fraud upon the sinking fund. It is a revival in miniature of the dispensing power which cost James II. his throne. Twenty years ago no official would have ventured to do such a thing; and, if he had, no House of Commons could have been found to condone it. Nowadays, the Minister has only to throw the first excuse that comes to hand into the form of a curt answer to a question, and not one of his obedient followers dare wag his finger at him. Such is the modern meaning of Ministerial responsibility as interpreted by that House which we are invited to constitute the sole guardian of our laws and liberties.

#### A TRIO OF CONDUCTORS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

ONE would have fancied there was in London a sufficiently large number of people at once enthusiastic and wealthy enough to give Richter a crowded house at his farewell concert, even though the stalls were double the usual price. It appears that is not so. The gallery was crowded; the cheaper reserved seats were fairly well filled; but around me there was a barren acreage of stalls, and I sat proudly alone. Perhaps the uncertain weather accounts for this; perhaps the Lenten season: anyhow, I hope indifference to Richter's greatness as a conductor is not responsible, nor ingratitude for the immense service he has rendered to music in England and in London particularly. Let us all fervently pray also that the star—singer, pianist or violinist—has not become a necessity, from the box-office point of view, at concerts as he or she was once at the opera. Richter was the star—or rather, the sun: and fittingly so. No one else could be allowed to share honours with him on such an occasion. The band was one of the finest, and I believe the largest, that has ever played serious music in Queen's Hall; the programme was an ideal one. Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture was peculiarly in place; for with the opera the name of Richter will always be associated. Beethoven's A symphony was also an admirable choice; for it was with that mighty work Richter first came before the English public as an orchestral

virtuoso (previously he had been known as Wagner's lieutenant). Then there were the Brahms variation on the S. Anthony chorale, Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture, and one of Bach's Brandenburg concertos. I need not dwell here on these pieces, or the manner in which Richter and his doughty men delivered them. During the whole evening the playing was superb; and the audience, which I hope was fit since it was so very few, waxed steadily more enthusiastic until the end—when I left the finest conductor of to-day bowing his farewells time after time. His back may have ached, but his admirers refused to leave off. Well, such displays may look a little like giving a guest a hearty shake of the hand, saying "Good-bye, old fellow, so glad you're going"; but I am sure there was no suspicion of that feeling in anyone's mind. For my part, I am truly sorry when I think that never again shall I watch that broad back and hear the miracles Richter achieves with an orchestra. Other great conductors we shall have, but another Richter we can scarcely hope for.

Mr. Landon Ronald offered us some startling novelties at the concert of the New Symphony orchestra on 29 March. A new symphony in A minor, by Beethoven, was surely an attraction; a concerto for two pianos, in C minor by Bach, was also worth going to hear. Only, Bach never wrote a concerto for two pianos, or even for one piano, and of course Beethoven wrote no symphony in A minor. These were mere vagaries of the programmer; and Mr. Ronald must be careful. As Principal of the Guildhall School of Music he ought not to give occasion to the enemy to mock, and he must restrain his ardent gentleman's imagination. The one and only fault I have to find with Mr. Landon Ronald as a conductor is his trick of exaggeration. He does not over-accentuate his fortes so much as he under-accentuates his pianos, thereby over-accentuating them (if a paradox may be forgiven). In that great symphony in "A minor", and especially in the slow movement, he indulged himself too much in that style of handling; yet, on the whole, the rendering was fine—nay, I might even say magnificent. The "Egmont" overture also came off finely, but the same reservations must be made: pianos became pianissimos with unflinching punctuality. Perhaps Mr. Ronald will be a little older some day; perhaps he has learnt from Richter the value of a broad style; and when he applies his knowledge he will finick no more. Anyhow, he is a splendid conductor and an even more splendid musician. When one thinks of the men who used to stand up and conduct at the old S. James' Hall, and even at the Queen's Hall, one must feel thankful that the good old times are past, and that we now have a few genuine musicians to play to us. Some day I shall have much more to say about the New Symphony orchestra; but to-day my space is required for some other matters.

First let me generalise very briefly. A very surprising change has come over musical life in London, and indeed all England, during the last ten years. Even more recently than 1901 musical critics risked their invaluable lives every season; the tiresome monotony of hundreds of concerts at which the programmes were nearly identical was deadly; and it is a mournful fact that since that date several of the most industrious musical writers have passed away and are now perchance listening to a music beyond all criticism. I don't suppose the number of concerts has increased—that was hardly possible; but that there should be such variety in the programmes and such high excellence in the orchestral performances would then have seemed incredible. Then there was one orchestra: now we have three. Then we rarely heard a new British composition; now daring souls like Holbrooke and Ethel Smyth boldly devote whole evenings to their own works; and at other concerts we get rather too much, reckoning its intrinsic value, than too little home-manufactured stuff. The improvement has been mainly in orchestral music: the public has learnt to love it, as may be seen at any of the Wood, Ronald or London Symphony concerts—all of them well filled and many of them crowded. The silly old Philharmonic goes its silly way, supported by the ancients of the ancient days who still look back upon



Cusins as the ideal conductor; though even there we may find some feeble signs of improvement.

Two highly delightful concerts demand attention. The first is Mr. Hugo Heinz's orchestral and vocal concert on 27 March. The orchestra was Mr. Landon Ronald's, and it was at its very best in the onerous and unappreciated work of accompanying. Of course the opening item, the "Ruy Blas" overture, came off brightly, crisply, with plenty both of force and delicacy; but what held my attention was the way in which the songs of Mr. Heinz himself and of his pupils were accompanied. A good piano accompanist is somewhat of a rarity: a good orchestral accompaniment is hardly ever to be heard. Far more failures in operatic performances than one would credit are due to a clumsy or unsympathetic orchestra than to the singers; and generally when the band plays badly I find the conductor to blame. Mr. Ronald is an ideal conductor in such work. The band never smothers the singers, neither does it melt away into nothingness: in a word, it preserves its individual life, yet accompanies. On the 27th ult. the New Symphony orchestra was thoroughly tested in a great variety of songs, and in every style it achieved perfect success. At this late date I do not care to discuss Mr. Heinz's pupils in detail; but I may say, speaking generally, that they all sang artistically, and if there was a fault to find it was that more than one of them restrained his ardent fire a little too effectually. That is not a defect in youngsters, if the restraint is not merely the result of lack of fire; but the fact is worth pointing out. In England we do not want to relapse into the bad old stolid style of vocalism which unfitted our singers for the stage and should have disqualified them for the concert platform. I attended this concert not to hear a particular teacher's students, but to listen to some very beautiful songs; and for once in a while I thoroughly enjoyed myself at such a function.

The second of the many brilliant musical performances of recent weeks to be noticed is the "Matthew" Passion as given by the London Choral Society on 5 April. I have said hard things about this body of singers, and therefore, if for no other reason, an opportunity must be seized of praising them. The rendering of one of the most difficult works of art in existence was by very far the noblest I have ever heard, and showed the closest intimacy and sympathy with the composer's spirit and intention. The "Matthew" Passion, as I have pointed out before, does not in the least resemble the big Mass. The Mass is not a church piece, not an expression of Pietism like the Christmas Oratorio: it is the pure and unrestrained expression of Bach's thought and feeling. Nothing less fit for church use was ever written. The uncanonical treatment of the words renders it impossible in the Roman service: indeed, one word at least is introduced which is not in the text of the Mass at all; but apart from that, the character of the music is not the character of true church music. It has not even so much of the church atmosphere as some of Mozart's masses possess: it was composed for performance either in the concert-room or in the church treated as a concert-room; it is Bach's most magnificent show-piece. Indeed it was begun to present to the King of Saxony with a view of pleasing and conciliating him and winning from him some appointment or other; and, I take it, Bach concluded it to please himself—with his experience, at the age of fifty, he can scarcely have hoped to please anyone else. It may seem remarkable that he should have taken the dogmas of the Roman church—dogmas almost identical with those he himself held—and used them for the principal work written for, in the best sense of the word, effect; but, without entering upon any theological discussion, we must remember that in Bach's religion there were things far more intimate than dogma. The "Matthew" Passion is an intimate work: in the B Minor Mass Bach, the brilliant musician, puts forth all his stupendous strength and, going far beyond the terminology of his own creed, spontaneously gives expression to the emotions which are the foundation of all creeds. On the whole, the Passion is harder to make effective in the concert-room, and Mr. Fagge, the con-

ductor, must be congratulated on a success which might fairly be called astounding. The chorus-singing was remarkable for its beauty; the London Symphony orchestra was at its very best; and the soloists were without exception adequate. Mr. Plunket Greene, it is true, got into the wrong key sometimes, but pulled off some passages with fineness of tone and wonderfully expressive phrasing; Mr. Gervase Elwes evidently understood Bach's music; and the others were distinctly good. The spinet, used to accompany the tale told by the Evangelist, is not by any means a novelty, as Mr. Fagge seems to imagine. It stands in the same relation to the harpsichord as a small organ with one row of pipes to a large one with five or six rows; and it is not powerful enough. Perhaps next time Mr. Fagge will employ the instrument Bach wrote for, the harpsichord; and I hope he will not be long in doing so. There must be many people who wished to hear the Passion properly done in extenso and were prevented by that unheard-of blizzard that damped the ardour of all save the most faithful.

#### EPHESUS—A.D. 90.

By H. SCOTT HOLLAND.

WHAT is the old man saying? They have brought him out in his chair, and he sits in the portico, sheltered from sun and wind, and he is going to speak. He looks old, very old; and there is a strange world of human experiences and sorrows recorded in all that maze of wrinkles; but his eyes blaze still with the old volcanic fire. He is a Son of Thunder still, for all his weakness. How keen the young fellows are around him! They are of many races and countries, but none of them has ever seen the land that the Master trod; and they have grown up far away from all its sights and sounds. If only they'd been there! And here is the last man on earth who can really say "I saw, I heard, I touched", and he is going to gather up the whole thing into a single phrase if he can. He has been brooding over it so long. All these weary years he has been trying to get together the few words which will sum up everything that he learnt between the day that he left his boats and nets on the shore of the lake up to that night in the closed chamber, when he was aware of a Presence, and of a breath on his hair, and a lifted hand, and a voice that spoke of peace to troubled souls, a peace that could never be taken away. What, then, has he to say? What did it all mean? They are hanging on his lips, and he is very serious about it. Three times over he reminds them of what it is that lies behind the thing he's going to say. He always repeats a thing three times over, like a child does, when he thinks it important. "Yes", he says, "I saw, I heard, I touched the Word of Life; for I repeat to you He was shown and I saw it. Yes, I saw and touched, and will tell you what was shown to me". "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, and our hands have handled of the Word of life. For the life was manifested and we have seen it, and bear witness." "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you." "That ye also may be followers with us." "These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." Now, what was it?

Well, "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all".

Is that all? Why, everybody knew that. Surely it is the first belief of the child, that God is good, and there is nothing bad in Him. It was the first secret that our philosophy had to reveal to us; God is good, so Plato said; there is nothing wrong with Him; there is no evil in Him. And as for the Jew, his whole religion began in that. It was the first thing of all that was said to Abraham, "God is righteousness". It was at the base of everything in the Law. Moses told us of the "Lord God, merciful and gracious and compassionate Who would by no means spare the guilty"; and everything was to be done through all

the domain of human life simply because God was holy. And the Prophets had nothing else to say but this, "Holy, holy, holy", so Isaiah heard them sing. God is a righteous judge, God is good, no evil can stand with Him. That is the simplest heart of all the religion in the world. Why then this stress on it now? Did the old man ever doubt it? Was he once afraid that it wasn't true? Is that why he lays such strange emphasis on it now? Yes, that is just it. You see the Jew had always been in some trouble about it from the first. Abraham had been shaken with doubt, as he looked out on the facts of life, and wondered whether God, in destroying the wicked, would also destroy with them fifty men who were righteous; or forty; or thirty; or twenty; or even ten? "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" And the Jew was always honest with the facts, and the facts would not correspond with what he believed about the righteousness of God; and he used to pour out his soul in his distress, and confess how his feet were almost gone, as he contrasted the faith of his childhood with the things that he saw. Listen to one such lament. How frank and honest it is! "Truly God is loving unto Israel." So he had always thought. "Nevertheless my feet were almost gone, my treadings were wellnigh slipt. And why? I was grieved at the wicked. I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity. They come in no misfortune like other folk: neither are they plagued like other men. Lo, these are the ungodly: these prosper in the world, and these have riches in possession: and I said, then have I cleansed my heart in vain: and washed my hands in innocency".

So, again and again, the Jew bitterly complained. He tried all sorts of explanations. Sometimes he said it was for chastening—"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"; or he wrote a whole book, like the Book of Job, and pictured the trouble, as a sort of trial of faith to see whether a man could stand loyal to his God in spite of the wrongs that he saw done in the earth. Or there was the suffering of the holy remnant, which might be a sacrifice offered for the good of all mankind. So he questioned and so he explained; but always there was a mystery about it, why a God Who was good left the world as it was. And therefore always he hugged his faith in an ultimate Redemption worked by the Supreme Deliverer. "Anyhow", he said, "there will yet be a day when it will be put right. Anyhow, there will, at last, be a Messiah Who will vindicate God's honour and justify His goodness. Anyhow, in Him we shall see light; and the good day will come; and God be all in all." And then this Messiah did come; so those twelve Disciples who followed Jesus had thought, and he was the very beloved, so they had believed; and the true day had dawned: so they dreamed. And then down upon their dream had crashed the storm; and He their Messias, went under, and the evil triumphed, and the cause was lost, and the heavens were never rent, and God's arm was never out-stretched, only the black night fell upon them in fold upon fold of darkness, and the last hope had been slain: and they had not a word to say; they lay on the ground with their faces hid, and gave themselves over to despair—until there was a hurried foot on the stairs, and a knock at the barred door, and a woman's voice whispering. She had been to the tomb; and His body wasn't there. And they rose and ran, Simon and John first, and they looked in, and saw, and believed. And then, by the evening, in the upper room, He was among them rebuking them for their lack of faith; and they knew then that God had never failed them; that His goodness had endured through all; that His purpose had never shaken; but that right through the very blackness and cruelty of Cross and Death He was bringing out judgment into victory; He was coming to His own; He was justifying Himself to man; He was making His name and honour good. And they leapt to their feet, filled with a great gladness, with every fear gone, to utter one message, "God is light"; God never fails in the blackest night, you will find it true. Black as the night

may be, He is still light in the night; "there is no darkness in Him". That is their final message; that is why their joy was full; that is why their peace can never be taken from them. Still they may have to travel through a terrible world, under the cloud and in the night; but nothing of this matters; for the Christ is risen, and God is good; and they know it.

So the old man said it to those young Greeks long ago; and as we finger the old page and linger over the words that he has left behind, his old message speaks to us to-day. We need it as sorely as ever; for the world is full of darkness and cruelty and sorrow; the stamp of the Cross and Passion is on it. But if only the old man is right, and if only Easter is true, we can bear it all, we can go through it all; for God is in it, and under it; and God still holds on to His eternal purpose, and will carry it through, and will justify Himself in Christ, the King. So we can keep the faith of a little child, though the world grows old and we grow old with it; for Easter comes to rescue and restore the earliest belief in the heart of a child—the belief that "God is good; in Him is no darkness at all." The child in us says it. And, thank God, in the light of the Risen Christ, we can all be children still.

### LENT LILY WOOD.

BY JOHN VAUGHAN.

ALTHOUGH the daffodil or Lent Lily has been immortalised by Shakespeare as the flower of the English spring,

"That comes before the swallow dares, and takes  
The winds of March with beauty,"

yet in most seasons it is seldom seen in full blossom before April. The second week in the month is perhaps the best time to visit the Lent Lily Wood, as the visitors call it, in order to see the golden daffodils in their complete glory. It is indeed a sight never to be forgotten. For thirty years and more I have been what old Gerard calls "a diligent and curious searcher after simples", that is, an ardent botanist who has travelled far and wide in search of wild flowers, but in all my wanderings up and down the country I have never met with so magnificent a display of spring flowers as the Lent Lily Wood now presents. The daffodils are to be seen in myriads, thousands upon thousands, thickly scattered throughout the wood. In the month of May there will be sheets of hyacinths, which seem, as Tennyson said, as though "the heavens were upbreking thro' the earth"; but though the bluebells will present "a paradise of blossom", yet in point of splendour they do not equal the display of daffodils in mid-April. At this season there is less competition, too, with other flowers, and the trees and underwood still wear their winter dress. The elms, it is true, are in blossom, and catkins are quivering on the hazel-boughs, but the branches are still bare of leaves. Outside, near the keeper's cottage, the mossy banks are starred with celandines, and here and there beneath the oak-trees a few anemones will be found, but the daffodils have almost complete possession of the wood. And there for a season in countless hosts they reign in tranquil splendour, every one perfect in its own loveliness. Verily Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

In former days the daffodil seems to have been much commoner than it is now. In the sixteenth century Gerard says that "it groweth almost everywhere through England", and, he adds, "the common yellow Daffodill, or Daffodowndilly, is so well knowne to all that it needeth no description". It is still well distributed throughout the country, and in Hampshire it occurs in many localities. I have met with it in various places, but nowhere in such vast profusion as in the Lent Lily Wood. There is a beautiful colony of it in a large copse close to Quarr Abbey in the Isle of Wight, and it is curious to notice how partial the plant is to the neighbourhood of monastic ruins. No doubt the good brethren who were lovers of the beautiful delighted in

its presence, and encouraged the bulbs to spread near their sacred surroundings. It will be noticed that Gerard speaks of the plant as "Daffodill or Daffodowndilly", and this second name, though it may sound a vulgarism, dates back to very early times. We meet with it in Spenser and in Constable, and other sixteenth century writers. The origin of the name "daffodil" is hidden in obscurity. Some assert that it is a corruption of Asphodel; others that it is simply the old Anglo-Saxon word "affodyle", which signifies "that which cometh early". Other authorities, including Dr. Prior, would regard it as a corruption of saffron-lily; and that the plant is commonly associated with the lily tribe is clear from its popular name of Lent or Lenten Lily, which in the Isle of Wight is sometimes corrupted into Lantern Lily. But whatever be the origin of the word, whether in the form of "Daffodill or Daffodowndilly", it must certainly be reckoned among the ancient names of British plants.

There is little wonder that the daffodil has been a favourite flower with the poets. Alike in classical and in modern times its praises have been sung. Gower celebrates it, and Shakespeare has enshrined it in immortal verse. "The daffodillies", says Milton, "fill their cups with tears." Wordsworth's exquisite lyric is well known; but hardly less poetical is his sister's prose description of the spot, "beside the lake, beneath the trees", where the flowers flourished. "They grew", she wrote, "among the mossy stones; . . . some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow, the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind they looked so gay and glancing." "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever", cries Keats in "Endymion",

"and such are daffodils,  
With the green world they live in."

And Shelley sings:—

"Narcissus, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness."

It is not surprising that John Clare, the poor peasant-poet of Northamptonshire, dwells with affection on the "drooping daffodil", for was it not a "sweet omen of returning spring"? The poems of Matthew Arnold contain many choice allusions to wild flowers, especially to those growing in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and in his beautiful monody in commemoration of Arthur Hugh Clough he calls to mind "the wood which hides the daffodil". It may be remembered that Henry Vaughan, the sweet Silurian poet, in his elegy on the death of his brother, speaks of the primrose, as

"At once the spring's pride, and its funeral."

In the same sad strain we have the lovely lines of Herrick to the daffodils:—

"Fair Daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along."

The language of the poets may perhaps sound somewhat high-flown and fanciful, and yet it seemed to me that it was hardly possible to exaggerate the calm and quiet beauty of the Lent Lily Wood as I saw it in the fitful sunlight of a spring morning. The wood in itself is one of exceptional charm, with winding pathways ever opening out some new vista of delight. But it is never so attractive as when the daffodils are in flower. The sight is so striking that it is stamped, as it were, upon the memory. The experience of the poet of the English lakes must have been often repeated in the case of many a "wandering herbalist" who has had the

good fortune to behold a host of daffodils dancing and fluttering in the breeze:

"For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the Daffodils."

## MEMORIES OF A CATHEDRAL.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

VI.

(Concluding Article.)

WE are all living still, I believe; this is not a memoir of dead people, but of a dead life. We are all living—all my contemporaries of the organ loft, that is to say—but we are all scattered; the piece of life that held us together is as dead and vanished as any other nucleus of the many that have kept spinning the thread of music in that place for hundreds of years. A dean other than the good friend who lies beneath the tessellated pavement of the presbytery keeps his state in the carved stall beneath the screen; minor canons and clerks-in-orders other than those whose voices were so familiar to us continue to sing and recite the same words; another organist sits in the seat of the mighty, other pupils surround him, and in their day, like us, will wear down their fraction of the stone spiral steps that lead to the organ loft. I should be less than human if I did not sigh over these changes. The successor of my master is a musician and scholar of distinction, who will doubtless bring new life and new interest and a fresh point of view to his work. But it will not be the same life or the same interest or the same tradition. Why should it be? My master in his day came as a youth, an innovator, a reformer; and I hope that his successor, when he shall have served so long, will in his turn be regretted and deplored as one who upheld the custom of old and good things, and whose departure will cause head-shakings and doubtful apprehension as to what is to come next. It is the whole essence of life in this world; things that are new become stale and old and customary, and the innovation of to-day is the tradition of to-morrow. It is the old tale of the generations which we used to hear on the eighteenth morning of every month: "Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men".

You who wander in and out of cathedrals, whose interest in them is chiefly architectural, and whose knowledge and experience of their service are fragmentary, who say "The organ was playing", or "The choir was singing something that sounded beautiful", have little knowledge of the way in which that music binds together the daily life of the place into a composite and corporate whole. The daily singing of the psalter is in itself one of the most pleasant and enlightening experiences that can fall to any man at the formative age; in itself it is an education in literature and poetry. The collegiate life of a cathedral, moreover, is the nearest thing to a monastic life outside the walls of a conventual establishment; but it is associated with none of the artificial evasions of life that are implicit in the convent. Our life in the cathedral was a thing entirely of our own; we never talked of it in the outside world, because no one would have understood; I used to wish often that I could communicate or explain to people I cared for something of the charm of that life; but it was of no use; they merely thought it odd that one should go to church so much. In a strictly Protestant community a purely ritual observance of religion is not in the least understood; and those who only associate religion with emotional experiences of the soul and deeply personal contemplations of spiritual life have no idea of a reverence not associated with extreme spiritual self-consciousness and inward concentration. We never thought about such things. But everything done daily and regularly at the same time and in the same way



becomes a rite and a ceremony; and if it be in itself a fine thing, and done well in a beautiful place, it becomes a highly religious thing in the true sense of that word.

But this very isolation made us live, as we say, a double life. All the rest of our time we were secularists, out in the boisterous world, living the life of youth, and never mentioning the cathedral; but once inside its gates we took up the monastic life, forgot the world completely, and existed for nothing but the office at which we assisted. And I cannot help thinking that some such rhythmic observance as this would have a most unifying and steadying effect on the lives of most men and women. To do regularly every day something that is entirely outside your world; to do it in company or "in college", and to see that it has nothing whatever to do with the rest of your daily life, is soothing without being deadening, and unifying without being monotonous. It becomes in time a medium in which the changing and disturbing experiences of life can be quietly examined and seen in relative proportion to each other; and a verse of the psalms, recurring rhythmically through the months and the years, will come to have a strange linking effect when you consider in what various moods you have recited it. It comes round again and again, like the sun and the moon and the stars; something regular and stable and impersonal, against which to measure the change and flowing away of things that make one's own life. And they are fortunate who, like us, have taken their term of service in that ceremonial world, who know the psalter so well that any few words together will suggest the whole of a long context; and not only suggest the context but give it in memory a beautiful setting, perhaps of a dark winter morning with a candle-light gleaming on polished oak and the glowing pipes of the organ case, and the ranks of violet and snow and scarlet colour beneath the canopies; or of an April afternoon, with the sunlight striking through the clerestory windows in dusty slants and beams; and the solemn cadence of the chant, and the shudder of harmony through the building—and Spring waiting for you all riotous outside. There were endless fragments of words which had for me definite associations of time and place; "Jesu dulcis memoria", although it belongs to the season of Epiphany, is for me a late summer afternoon, warm and sleepy, and "Holy Night, Peaceful Night" is reminiscent of the Advent mists and chills, and lights in the empty cathedral, and vespers on a Christmas Eve, and cold fingers on the ivory keys. There was something lovely and primitive and indescribable in the atmosphere here, and out there in the world a suggestion of holly and feasting, and the expectation that takes a long while to die in the hearts of those whose childhood has been happy. And that wonderful picture of the king's daughter with her raiment of needlework and clothing of wrought gold signifies to me the spirit of true festival, the frosty exhilaration of the traditional Christmas morning, and many other things entirely amiable and pleasant, such as exists only in a world where "all thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia: out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad".

Although the beginning of these associations is so clearly and definitely in my mind, they remain otherwise undated and undistinguished, a glow in the perspective of memory, like the lights of a town seen from far away at sea. I came to the end of my pupilage; I do not remember anything about that, but there came the day when I played for the last time, when I for the last time took any part in the music of the organ loft. I know that I often played after I ceased to be a pupil, and I think that perhaps the last time I took any formal part was after I came home from the war, and I went to the cathedral one Sunday afternoon to see my master. I felt that so much had happened to me since I had sat there as a pupil that I was a person considerably increased in importance; but if I had any such idea, it vanished during the course of the service. There was a hymn on Sunday afternoons after the sermon, and I generally played it when I was there, as my master preferred to continue the pleasant doze into which the combined effects of his lunch and the sermon never failed

to cast him. He went on, as usual, as if he were speaking to a child of six years old: "Do you know this hymn? Well then, go on and play it quietly, but for goodness' sake be careful and don't do anything ridiculous". He always spoke to us as if we had just mastered the elements of music and as if the playing of a simple hymn tune was a doubtful and even rash experiment which it was his unhappy duty to permit us to attempt; and if he heard another stop being pulled out, or any quite ordinary addition being made to the four-part harmony, he would moan and squirm in his chair as if he were being torn on the rack. He went on in just the same way on this last afternoon, and without the slightest justification; for whatever his pupils can or cannot do, they know how to accompany choral harmony on the organ. At the end of it I remember feeling thoroughly reduced; and that although I might go to wars and write books I should never, never, never, in any circumstances, be able to play the organ.

And perhaps it was a good note to end on.

#### CAISTEAL-NA-SITHAN.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

IT was indeed a castle of the elves. Over all, hung an air of melancholy. From the deserted lodge, behind the high, beech hedge, which shut the place off from the lake, the avenue led through a sea of billowy mounds, on which grew trees as thickly as in the tropics, some dead and some decaying, some broken off by storms and left to die or live just as they chose.

Moss had spread like a carpet over the deeply rutted road.

Here and there by its sides stood foreign shrubs, some of them growing rankly, and others which had died years ago, standing up dry and sere, inside their iron cages, as a dead body in a life-belt floats upon the sea. The bracken met the lower branches of the trees and formed a screen, through which rabbits had made their runs, like little railway tunnels.

They fed upon the mossy grass outside, retreating slowly when they were alarmed, conscious they were at home, and that a passer-by was an intruder into their domain. Where the trees fell, they lay and rotted, covered with lichens and with a growth of ferns that sprang from the dead bark.

The neglected woods seemed to have bred a strange and hostile air. Instinctively one looked around, as if some power of nature, which cultivation kills, was still unchecked, had just declared a war upon mankind, and was about to open its attack.

The passing of a roe through the deep underwood, a passage ordinarily so fairy-like and light, there, sounded ominous, and the sharp cracking of a decaying twig under its flying feet, or the soft rustling of its body through the ferns, sent a thrill through the listener, as if some monstrous creature of a dream was going to appear.

Even in summer everything seemed dank, and in the peaty soil the water oozed beneath the footsteps, making the ground seem treacherous and false.

Sometimes at sunset, when a red gleam fell on the tops of oaks, turned all the bracken fiery, and lighted up the overhanging hills which peeped above the tops of the high trees, the air of menace was dispelled and a breath from the outer world brought back security. When the last gleams had vanished, and a cold, chilly air, especially before an autumn frost, crept through the brakes and stirred the frozen tufts of bulrushes in the black, awful-looking ponds, fringed with dark rhododendrons, and set about upon one side with towering spruce firs, a panic seemed to creep into the soul.

The thick white mists that rose up from the pool hung in the trees, and seemed as if they were alive, so stealthily they crept about the branches, and twined like serpents, twisting and writhing in the air.

Owls floated like gigantic moths across the avenue, or sat and called to one another in the recesses of the woods. All was so silent and so still, you seemed to

feel the waves of sound that floated from their call, just as one hears the whirring of an old clock before it strikes its bell. In the low park beyond the wood, through which the avenue led to the house, the dun or creamy Highland cattle slept upon the hillocks, to shun the draughts of night. A chilly damp rose from the old bog-land, long since reclaimed, but showing black and peaty where moles had made their hills, which dotted the sour grass at intervals, and in the moonlight looked like animals asleep. A great moss ditch cut the low park in two, and in it the black, frozen water seemed like a stream of pitch. Birches and stunted oaks were set about the fields, their old, gnarled roots laid bare by winter rains, and by the stamping of the cattle in the summer, when they stood underneath the trees to shelter from the flies. Through the long, limb-like roots, rabbits had burrowed, and here and there a heavy stone was left, stuck in the crevices, looking like some lost weapon of the Stone Age or prehistoric club.

Just where the deep moss ditch crossed underneath the road, a high, iron, double gate barred off the avenue.

Beyond it stretched a gloomy road, winding between dark trees. At night, when you rode through it, your horse snorting occasionally when rabbits ran across the path, or birds stirred in the trees, it felt as if you were a thousand miles from help. In front, the dark road wound, as it seemed, interminably, through overhanging trees. Between you and the world was the half-mile or so of the mysterious woods, and the black, sullen ponds.

At last, passing another gate, it led up to a shrubbery. A mossy burn fed a neglected duck-pond, upon whose waters floated feathers, and round whose sides grew tufts of pampas grass. Tall bushes of *wygelia* and *syringa*, dead at the sides, but vigorous in the middle, with flowering currants, *andromeda* and rank-growing thickets of *guelder-rose* and *dogwood*, concealed the house from view.

The rabbit netting, nailed to the fencing of the park, was broken here and there, and billowed like a sail. Through it the rabbits entered as they pleased, burrowing beneath the bushes, and leaving trails which led up to the lawn. Enormous beeches, and a sycamore or two, growing like cabbages, showed that at one time the neglected policies had been well cared for, and the decayed and mouldering rustic seats, set about here and there, recalled the time when children played upon the lawn, whilst nurses sat and watched them underneath the trees. The house itself, high and steep-roofed, with pepper boxes at the angles, and a wide flight of steps, upon whose parapet two great iron eagles, that once had been all painted in the proper colours of the coat of arms of which they formed the crest, was desolate and drear. The rough-cast plaster, which at one time had covered all the walls, had fallen in patches here and there, leaving great blotches that looked like maps, upon its sides.

Right opposite the door, a roundel of rank grass, once closely shaven, but now rank and ill-tended, lay like an island in the road. Two whinstone posts, with eight-shaped irons at their sides, for hitching horses to in times gone by, just raised their heads above the turf.

The house door, left ajar, but yet made fast against the world by a confining chain, with the bolt running in a tube, gave just the touch of human interest required to accentuate the melancholy of the forlorn abode.

As one peeped through into the hall, covered with a well-worn oilcloth, and marked the absence of sticks, hats, umbrellas, and all that goes to give a hall a look of being the introduction to a comfortable home, one felt the owner was a solitary man, who in the summer evenings, when the owls hooted faintly in the recesses of the woods and swallows hawked at flies across the lawn, sat on the parapet of the tall flight of broken steps, between his iron eagles, and meditated on what might have been, had things gone differently.

Beyond the hall few ever penetrated, for an old woman, holding the door fast in her hand, used to peep out and answer, "The laird is oot", and then when the chance visitor had turned away disconsolate, flatten her nose against a window and watch him stumble down the

road. The great, old Scottish stable, built round a courtyard, with the decaying clock upon its tower, one hand long lost, the other pointing eternally to twelve, stood, buried in the trees, whose branches swept the slates, showering them down upon the grass in gales, and dropping ceaselessly in rain, till a green lichen grew just underneath the drip.

Most of the doors had gone, and those that still fought on against the rain and wind were kept in place by pieces of coarse leather, roughly nailed on the jambs.

Upon the wooden sheathing of the pump, hay seed had sprouted, giving a rank crop of grass, which in its turn had died, and hung all mildewed and with small drops of moisture oozing from the stems.

Such was the place, one of the last examples of the old Scotland which has sunk below the waves of Time. Perhaps not an example to be followed, but yet to be observed, remembered, even regretted in the great drabness of prosperity which overspreads the world.

Few people ever trod the avenue, and even tramps but rarely camped in the deserted woods, though fallen trees were plentiful, and none would have been the wiser if they had stayed a week. The owner, an old sailor who had inherited the place in middle life, had by degrees become such a recluse that sometimes weeks would pass without his being seen. Shut off from all the world, he lived with an old housekeeper, as it were in a wilderness, and if by chance he met a stranger on the road would dive behind the bushes to escape, like a wild animal. Now and then far-off relations would come down to shoot, stopping at some hotel, and now and then a neighbour would drive over, always to be received by the old housekeeper with the same formula, "The laird is oot".

Occasionally he left the country and went abroad, but always to some place near the seaside, where he would pass long hours looking at ships, though without making any friends. Lübeck and Kiel, Riga or Genoa, were his favourite haunts, and those who met him at any of those ports used to report having seen him, dressed in his blue serge suit, and with the air of being the one man left in a depopulated world, in the same way that captains jot down in their log, "in such a latitude, in the first dog watch, passed a derelict".

By degrees his visits to far-off ports grew rarer, and at last he seldom passed the gates of his neglected grounds, except occasionally on Sunday, when he attended church, reserved and silent, speaking to none, but yet a little critical, after the fashion of a man who had read prayers on board his ship, and therefore should know something of the way in which a service ought to be carried on.

On these occasions he would stand a little in the churchyard, looking intently at a sort of pen, surrounded by a broken iron railing, in which his ancestors reposed.

Whether his thoughts ran on the instability of life, or if he only tried to make a calculation of the probable expense he would incur if he embarked upon repairs, was never known to anyone, although some said he thought of neither, but merely leaned against the rails to pass the time until the congregation had dispersed, and left him free to set off home again.

Everyone speculated on his death, some saying that it would occur some day when he was quite alone, out in the woods, and others that he would be found dead in his chair, with the *Pacific Pilot* open in his hand. Not a bad book for an old sailor to have consulted, when just about to weigh his anchor; but as it happened he had to make his landfall, unassisted and alone.

A bitter frost, intense and black, had bound the district, congealing the dark waters of the lake into a sheet of glass. Trees groaned and cracked, and in the silent woods a shudder seemed to run through the gaunt trees as if they suffered from the cold. Crows winged their way, looking like notes of music on an old page of parchment, across the leaden sky.

High in the air passed strings of wild geese, and in the stillness of the frost their melancholy cry was heard, till they were almost out of sight.

All nature seemed engaged in a stern fight for life, with some calamity which had attacked it unawares. The very streams stood still to watch the progress of the battle, fast in their bonds of ice.

Somehow or other, after the fashion that in Africa news travels always a day or two ahead of any traveller, it got about the countryside the laird was missing from his home. As, in the little inn, the constable, "the post", one or two farmers, and the innkeeper were talking of the report, the housekeeper was seen hobbling along the road. Coughing and wheezing, she averred she "couldna bide alane, up in yon awfu' house". The laird, it seemed, upon the evening of the commencement of the frost, had gone out, as was usual, just before tea-time, but never had come back. She had waited for two days, setting his meals upon the table at the stated hours, and at night putting out a lantern at the front door to guide him to the house. A day and night had broken down her courage, and given her the strength to find her way alone through the deserted avenue, for, as she said, "If she had passed anither nicht alane wi' all they bogles and they howlets, she would have gone fair gyte".

All search was useless. The woods and moors guarded their secret, and had not chance revealed it, the disappearance of the laird would have been put down as the last eccentricity of an eccentric life.

Fate was not willing that the laird's last resting-place should not be known, for as some boys were skating on one of the black ponds they saw what they took for birds' feathers, frozen in the ice. When they came home, trembling and pale, they said the feathers turned out to be the hair on a man's head, and that below the ice they had seen something that looked just like a muckle fish.

At once the sparse inhabitants of the wild district proceeded to the place, entering the sacred grounds from which they had been debarred for years. Their lanterns, glimmering like glow-worms over the dark pond, and shedding a fantastic light on the black ice, outlining every branch upon the leafless trees, and playing on the clumps of rhododendrons on the bank, gave a strange air of unreality to the whole scene.

One of the boys pointed out the spot, and as the ice was frozen so intensely, on a clear, windless night, they saw beneath it the laird's body, in the same way that you can see a fish which has been taken by the frost.

When they had cut it out, framed in a square of ice, it looked so life-like, laid upon the bank, in the dim, quivering light of the horn lanterns, that those who saw it always used to say, "It was the first time that they had a richt sight of the laird, and he had been a bonny man".

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PUNISHMENT OF POLITICAL LIBELS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Georgetown, Demerara, 12 March, 1911.

SIR,—May I offer an opinion that one defect in the law which underlies this controversy might be and ought to be removed by amending the civil remedy, rather than by extending the criminal procedure, in cases of libel? I refer to cases where the defamatory words are true, but are published maliciously. The person libelled is justly aggrieved, either because the thing, being long past, ought not to be raked up against him, or because other circumstances make it cruel and scandalous to do so. When no public interest is served, and private ill-will is the only motive for publishing unpleasant facts about a man's past character or present defects, I submit that a wrong is done for which the law ought to give a remedy in damages, though at present it will not.

The case which your correspondent "B" suggests—a man of position wearing soiled linen and living on scraps—is not fairly disposed of as "purely trivial". Unlike "K", I think that even a man of position ought to be protected in some way by the law. And none the less if his position is the very thing which points the calumny. Suppose such a charge were made against one of the five hundred new peers. And suppose (you cannot be indicted for scandalum magnatum, for the peer is not yet created), suppose, I say, that it were true. Here, assuredly, is a man of position, and one who

might, by such an attack, suffer greatly in the estimation of his former, if not of his new, associates. Suppose further, that the matter of the linen were one merely of ineradicable habit, and that the expense of the coronet had rendered the scraps a dire necessity. It was the heartless, spiteful statement of a disappointed candidate for the same coronet. But because the statement is true he shall pay no damages, and "K." at any rate thinks, and I am disposed to agree, that he ought not to be sent to gaol.

For the wrong inflicted by wanton exposure of a man's shortcomings the proper remedy is withheld. The law would have been intolerable, and I do not believe it would have been tolerated after swords and pistols went out of fashion, but that a sort of remedy was available for any who cared to abuse it. The law would punish as a crime the private grievance for which it would award no damages. There are some libels against individuals which ought not to have been classed with crimes. "There can be no doubt but that all capital crimes whatsoever, and also all kinds of inferior crimes of a public nature, as misprisions, and all other contempts, all disturbances of the peace, all oppressions, and all other misdemeanours whatsoever of a public evil example against the common law, may be indicted; but no injuries of a private nature, unless they some way concern the king". Are there not many libels that are injuries of a private nature only? Yes, it was answered, but they concern the king, because they "create ill blood and provoke the parties to acts of revenge and breaches of the peace".

I never heard the phrase without feeling that it was an excuse, rather than a reason. Some reason must be found to justify the punishment of every libel, because there were some, very grievous to individuals, for which no civil remedy existed. A better reason, a sounder classification is wanted. Some libels there are which directly concern private individuals only, but which, for their outrageous character, or by reason of the circumstances in which they are uttered, are fit to be classed as misdemeanours "of public evil example" and punished as such. Of such, I think, is the use for political purposes of gross and offensive personal attacks.

In the law of this colony—*si parva licet componere magnis*—defamatory words, spoken or written, cannot be justified in a civil action by pleading only that they are true; the defendant must prove also that he published them in the public interest. In case of doubt, the intention is presumed in his favour. The presumption is the other way when the accusation is of facts whereby "the interest of the State is neither sown nor reaped"; as of a bodily defect, or of some ill deed for which the plaintiff has already suffered punishment. If malice is proved, truth is no justification.

I may add that I believe our law accords with the law of Scotland, and of all the countries whose jurisprudence is founded on that of Rome.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. H. LAURENCE.

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, Bristol.

SIR,—When a man is on trial for a criminal offence, the tribunal before which he appears has nothing to do with his guilt or innocence: it is concerned only with the evidence adduced before it making for the guilt or innocence of the man on trial. No guilty man can be convicted if the evidence fail to be sufficient for—what is termed—proof of guilt: experience proves that innocent men have been convicted on evidence which amounts to—what is termed—proof of guilt.

The point I make is that a jury is the last tribunal which should be given absolute power to decide as to conclusions of guilt or innocence to be drawn from circumstantial evidence. It is said and generally believed that circumstances cannot lie. In fact, circumstance is the Ananias of evidence, in spite of its many honest and truthful friends amongst judges.

Many of us believe a jury is the best attainable tri-



bunal for decisions on direct evidence. In their home lives and in their ordinary business transactions they have constant experience of direct evidence, that is, they have from youth been educated in evaluating the statements of men as to their ordinary human experience.

But what experience have they of the value of circumstantial evidence? Circumstantial evidence is not direct, *quâ* the guilt or innocence of a man on trial. What does this mean? It means that those who have to decide on a man's guilt or innocence and who have only circumstantial evidence before them must, by mental operation, deduce the fact of innocence or guilt from a consideration of mere circumstantial evidence. How far, then, are jurymen adapted for the consideration of circumstantial evidence; what education have they had for such consideration? Practically none.

Consider a recent trial. If the witnesses for the prosecution had given direct evidence of what they had seen or heard or felt, the jury had past personal experience sufficient to enable them to come to direct conclusions. But what experience had the jury had, educating them to evaluate the evidence of the cabmen as to recognition of the accused? Had the question of the probability or improbability of cabmen recognising chance fares and the relation of such probability or improbability to extraneous facts ever come before them in their usual experience? Is it part of the life of an ordinary man to educate himself to evaluate such evidence?

The underlying distinction between circumstantial and direct evidence has never, it is to be feared, been fully appreciated. In direct evidence the question is of whether the witnesses' statements are true or false: deductions follow directly. In circumstantial evidence the difficulty of arriving at a conclusion arises after the witnesses' statements are accepted as truthful. In the latter case evidence of circumstance only is before the jury, and they have, by mental operation, to arrive at the probability or improbability of the circumstantial evidence pointing to the accused: conviction can only follow where the probability amounts to—what is termed—proof. To arrive, reasonably, at this probability of proof is possible only for men of exceptional skill and education. When probability amounts to proof, is not the proof legal proof? Should it not be in the hands of the judge?

One point more. As the law now stands the decisions of a jury on matters of fact are conclusive: they bind the Court of Appeal. Where the conclusions of a jury are based on circumstantial evidence, should it not be open to the convicted man on appeal to argue, as a matter of law, the question whether the jury rightly deduced from the evidence proof of conviction?

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

#### THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Grosvenor Road, Westminster S.W.

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 20 August last you were so good as to print under the above heading a letter of mine in which I protested against the execrable pronunciation of their native language by the children of the lower classes. I am happy to observe that in your current issue analogy is drawn between the strictures in Mr. Holmes' Circular and their bearing upon the status of the "Board School boy", whose disabilities have lately formed the subject of discussion in the Press.

It is not surprising that the parents of scholars in our middle class schools should object to the presence there of these young County Council Yahoos. The Education Board and its instrument the London County Council, are in a great measure to blame for this so-called "class prejudice" seeing that whilst every effort is made to equip the raw material for the battle of life—in so far as the three R's are concerned—pupils of both sexes are allowed to murder the King's English to such

an extent as to jar upon every sensitive ear and to degrade our beautiful language to the level of Hottentot clicks and gutturals. No regard whatever is paid to the proper pronunciation of vowels—*pain* becomes *pine*, *paper* *piper*, *down* *dahn*, and so on throughout the vocabulary. Children of thirteen and fourteen years of age designate their parents as "*farver*" and "*muvver*". The English composition of the finished product of the State schools is the despair of City employers who complain that 75 per cent. of candidates for clerical employment are unable to write a grammatical letter. The question of manners and social deportment rests mainly with the parents themselves, who should look to it that their offspring behave properly at table, use their knives and forks as such articles should be used—not as Chinese chopsticks—that due attention is paid to the advantages of soap and water; and, above all, that courtesy and kindness, both in word and deed, be observed in social intercourse.

Apart from any action in this respect by the parents, the Education Board's course is obvious: let them engage amongst their teaching staff a few ladies and gentlemen of culture and good social standing, preferably graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, whose scholastic duties should consist not only in securing that their pupils speak and write English correctly, but that they conduct themselves in accordance with the canons of ordinary polite society. The terms "*gentleman*" and "*lady*" are not invidious class distinctions, but appellations earned by those who subscribe both in letter and spirit to the ethics that govern the social relations of everyday life. The spectacle of an "*Honours*" man, for instance, instructing the little protégés of the State in the arts and graces of social deportment and the euphonic delivery of our language, may strike the admirers of our Educational Code as "*une chose pour rire*", but the boiling of the pot is often accomplished amid the "*crackling of thorns*" and the laughter occasioned in such a contingency as I have suggested would be a poor set-off against the present dubious system of utilising the taxpayer's money in subsidising "uncultured and imperfectly educated" functionaries to let loose upon the community hordes of young persons who reflect in themselves the very deficiencies of their mentors.

It was my privilege to be educated at a Public School, and I there found that whether a Duke's son or a cook's son, you were esteemed according to your ability or otherwise to conform to the standard of gentlemanly behaviour, in which refinement of manner and speech, and courtesy of bearing were conspicuous features.

The County Council should offer prizes for elocution and declamation, particular attention being paid to purity of accent. Is there not among the Olympians in Spring Gardens a certain well-graced actor who might be inclined to undertake the congenial rôle of "*Lord Chesterfield*"—arbiter and prize-giver in the interests of the People? He would "*do it beautifully*" as the lady says in the Ibsen play.

Those who seek to democratise our Public Schools and Universities are, like Frankenstein, confronted by a monster of their own creation in the shape of the State-aided scholar. He has so far shown neither the inclination nor the aptitude to adjust himself to the standard of culture prevailing at these Institutions, and his failure in this direction is attributed by his apologists to class prejudice on the part of those who refuse to march alongside of him under the banner of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, beloved of the Sabbatarians of Trafalgar Square.

I do not hesitate to assert that no other country possessing a system of State education would tolerate such a scandalous neglect of the national interests, and yet in our fervid anxiety to "*elevate the masses*" we seriously contemplated raising £100,000 to acquire an "*Old Master*" for the Nation. Shakespeare may have been Bacon, the Germans may have won Waterloo, but there can be no doubt that Don Quixote was an Englishman!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERMANN ERSKINE.

## ITALIAN FANTASIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Bedford Street, London W.C.  
4 April 1911.

SIR,—In defending your reviewer you now pass from what Mr. Zangwill actually said to what he "meant" to say. Let me recall you to his actual words. The sentence impeached by your critic runs, in full: "And that dubious temporal power of the Pope's might not have come into such solid being had she (i.e. Matilda) not left her possessions to the see of Rome and thus practically founded the States of the Church." This sentence is historically impeccable and its meaning clear. Mr. Zangwill is not relating Church history, his point is the importance of Matilda, and his sentence implies that, though the Pope's temporal power was in being prior to Matilda's bequest, it was not in "such solid being". Indeed, every historian treats Matilda's bequest as the "practical" foundation of the States of the Church. You question how Matilda's possessions could have formed the foundation of so "large" a State, and yet you urge that the comparatively small "donation of Pippin" was its foundation—as of course it was, chronologically, though even as to that a pedant might insist (on the strength of the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica", article "Papacy") that even as early as the fourth and fifth centuries the Roman Church possessed property in all parts of the empire. But Matilda's possessions were nearly a quarter of Italy, and it is difficult to see how without them "that dubious temporal power of the Pope's" could have "come into such solid being"; indeed, the foundation might have collapsed altogether.

Yours faithfully,

WM. HEINEMANN.

[Pannenberg, writing in 1872, says: "Dass die zweite Schenkung nur die Allode umfasst habe, ist in neuerer Zeit kaum bezweifelt worden". Mr. Zangwill seems wholly unaware of this fact, for from the above letter it is evident that both he and Mr. Heinemann rank Matilda's States among her "possessions". Her States, however, were made up of fiefs, in part held from the Church, in part from the Empire, and these fiefs lapsed to the overlord at her death without issue. The Pope got no States from Matilda save such as belonged to him already. Matilda had nothing to bequeath, and bequeathed nothing, except her vast allodial possessions, "omnia bona mea" as the Instrument of Donation runs, "... tam ea quae ex hac parte montium quam in ultramontanis partibus habeo". This reference to Lorraine, where Matilda only had allodial possessions, clearly proves that "omnia bona mea" can only relate to property of the kind. We shall perhaps carry greater conviction by quoting Overmann's masterly monograph, "Gräfin Mathilde von Tuscien: Ihre Besitzungen: Geschichte ihres Gutes", &c. "Es war ein gewaltiger Besitz", he writes, "den sie hinterliess. Dem Buchstaben des Rechtes nach lag es klar, in wessen Hände die Erbschaft gelangen würde. Die Amtslehen der Gräfin mussten zweifellos wieder dem Reiche anheimfallen, die Kirchenlehen wieder in ihre Eigentümer kommen, und der gesamte Allodialbesitz war von Mathilde der römischen Kirche geschenkt worden. ... Wohl kamen die Amtslehen wieder ans Reich, die Kirchengüter mit wenigen Ausnahmen an die Kirche zurück, aber die Allodialmasse gelangte nicht in die Hand der Kurie, etc." And elsewhere: "Ausschliesslich um das Eigengut Mathildens handelt es sich in dem Streit zwischen Kaiser und Papst". Yet Mr. Zangwill would have us believe that it is a bequest of widely scattered allodial property that was the practical foundation of the States of the Church, and Mr. Heinemann that without it the foundation might have collapsed altogether.—ED. S. R.]

## REVIEWS.

"DOLL."

"Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal." By A. G. C. Liddell C.B. London: Murray. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

WHEN a man publishes his autobiography in his lifetime, criticises his contemporaries, and comments on the country houses he has visited, he fairly offers himself as a target for the slings and arrows of outrageous Fleet Street. Therefore, we make no apology for our exchange of personalities. "Doll" Liddell has been well known in society, where his popularity apparently rested on his good looks, on the fact that he was never in anybody's way, and on the pertinence of his rare contributions to conversation. The son of a Permanent Under Secretary to the Home Office, well-read and well-bred, Mr. Adolphus Liddell is just the man who in the eighteenth century would have been provided for by a tellership of the Exchequer or a secretaryship in Ireland, bringing him in some thousands a year. In the bourgeois economical nineteenth century he arrived, after an unsuccessful career at the Bar, having rounded the "cap de quarantaine", at his Hercules' pillars in the Crown Office, where he is private secretary to the Lord Chancellor and the deputy of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie. According to Whitaker, Mr. Liddell draws £1100 a year for the two offices, and though he might have done better, he might have done worse.

"Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well."

It is astonishing how seldom fathers understand the character of their sons. Mr. Adolphus Liddell was obviously quite unsuited to the rough-and-tumble of the Bar, where a sensitive, refined man, who does not know how to make himself agreeable to solicitors, and allows himself to be sat on by judges and leaders, is doomed to failure. In the Civil Service, or in Diplomacy, Mr. Liddell's ability and his connexions, both of which are of the highest class, would have secured for him success. But at sessions and assizes he cut a pitiable figure; and he describes his glee at getting the Crown Office billet in words which are worth quoting. "No one who has not followed the Bar and spent his time in laborious idleness, with rare intervals of hard work done in terror of failure, or has not felt the degradation of a small attorney passing you by with contempt, and handing a guinea prosecution to the next man, or the apprehension of growing old in an unsuccessful life, can tell what a joy it is to me to quit the profession". There are many, very many barristers who will perfectly appreciate the feelings of Mr. Adolphus Liddell on the receipt of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's letter.

Mr. Liddell belonged to the Balliol generation which produced Bob Reid, Arthur Godley, Henry Primrose, and Farwell, and immediately preceded the generation which produced Asquith and Milner. Mr. Liddell has a good deal to say about Jowett and T. H. Green, of whom he liked Green the better. Indeed, he did not appreciate the great Master, for he writes of him as "a would-be-man-of-the-world", and declares that he was all head and no heart; or, to put it more scientifically, that his sympathies were so purely intellectual that he was either more or less than man. This is not true, as Jowett was intensely human, but he was very shy, and he did not suffer fools gladly. T. H. Green was also shy, but then he was obscure; while Jowett was lucidity itself. The following sketch of the present Lord Chancellor as an undergraduate will interest the public: "I remember that at the first lecture of Riddell's which I attended my attention was arrested by a scholar who came in late, roughly dressed, with a shock head of hair, a stubbly chin, and a clear-eyed, fresh-coloured face, which looked as if it had lately been plunged in cold water. This was R. T. Reid". Forty years later the two men met again; and the shock-headed scholar was Lord Chancellor, and the handsome commoner was his private secretary.

For the next twenty years Mr. Liddell's life may not unfairly be summed up in Dr. Johnson's phrase: "Sir, he lived in London, and hung loose upon society". His efforts to get on at the Bar are described with genuine modesty, and pathos. Besides quarter-sessions "soup" and "dockers", Mr. Liddell acted as secretary to several Royal Commissions, and was appointed a revising barrister on the North-Eastern Circuit. But social success must have been some consolation for professional failure. Doll Liddell became a personage in that Lyttelton-Charteris-Tennant set which revolved adoring round Mr. Arthur Balfour, and which used to be called "The Souls". Mr. Liddell sometimes sneers, as when he describes Sir Charles Tennant as "gloomy", because "the American money market was in an unsettled state"; and when he wonders what was the mental condition of the visitors at Ashridge after an evening of Browning. The book is full of good stories, as of the porter who forged a will, and "Sack" Fox (a great-uncle), who ran off with the Duke of Leeds' daughter, through two fortunes, and was always "broke". Delightfully characteristic is Matthew Arnold's explanation of the fact that he received a larger number of letters praising his lines on the death of the dachshund "Geist" than he had ever received before: "Very few persons like verses, and very many persons like dogs". As the Lord Chancellor's private secretary Mr. Liddell had the run of the two Houses of Parliament, and came to close quarters with the leading statesmen. Like most people, he was disappointed at first by the oratory of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill, and could not understand their great reputations. Mr. Gladstone's Lancashire accent seems to have displeased Mr. Liddell's fastidious ear; and he rightly describes the late Duke of Argyll as the last of the classical orators. Mr. Liddell has a rare gift of observation both for physical and mental peculiarities, and this makes his book interesting. He is quite right in thinking that his life, though uneventful, was worth writing; for he is a perfect type of the Balliol man of the Victorian age, who, missing the bull's-eye of fame or wealth, lodges his dart in the outer ring of comfort and a pet name.

#### THE NEW WEBSTER.

"Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language." W. T. Harris, Editor in Chief; F. Sturges Allen, General Editor. London: Bell. 1911. 53s. 6d. net.

"WEBSTER" first assumed the title of International in 1890, and revisions since then have improved and enlarged it so far that it takes a leading place among the guides which are, or might be, used by the writer and student of English. Americans are, we believe, more apt to seek authority in dictionaries for their language than ourselves, though they exceed the rest of the world in outrageous slang. However that may be, "Webster" has fairly made its way into the world as a standard book, and deserves its pre-eminence.

We have constantly used the edition of 1897, and generally with satisfaction. Compared with that issue, the latest shows a real and very creditable advance in comprehensiveness, in definitions, and in derivations, which are the real romance of philology, yielding to the expert the secret of many a forgotten belief or curious piece of folklore. For him who is

"Keen thro' wordy snares to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell"

a Dictionary is fascinating, and the assiduous student does not quail before 400,000 words and phrases, and 2700 pages submitted to his gaze in a form admirably compact, but hardly to be described as "handy". A white elephant to the ignorant, a work of this sort is to a keen lover of English an indispensable mammoth, whose size and weight are unavoidable, and so readily tolerated.

Leaving aside the usual extras and appendices, we pay special attention to the general vocabulary which on this occasion gives us nearly everything in alphabetical order, including the formerly separate tables of Proper Names (Scriptural, Classical and English), Foreign Phrases and Proverbs, Noted Fictitious Persons, and Abbreviations.

These extras are mostly placed at the lower part of the page, a line dividing more and less important words. The general collection of many features into one index is laudable as facilitating ready reference, but we do not see much use in the dividing line, which leads to many anomalies. Who is to say that one word is more important than another? The measure of usage, which might decide the question, cannot be exhibited except in the briefest way, and we certainly can affirm the present and lively existence of several words described as "obsolete". America, the native place of the Dictionary, naturally has most to say regarding usage; thus "graft" (U.S.) meaning "swindling", is above the line—while "graft" (Australian) meaning "hard work" is below it, and might consequently be missed by the ordinary eye altogether. As for spelling "centre" figures as well as "center", "labour" as well as "labor".

The special additions to the vocabulary mentioned above do not include the Geographical Gazetteer and the Biographical Dictionary, which remain apart. The Gazetteer we are content to see standing by itself, but the separate existence of the Biographical Dictionary leads to some oddities which are undesirable. Thus we find in the main vocabulary "Sapphic" and "Sapphism", but the only Sappho is a South American humming-bird. Similarly we find here "Virgilian", but not Virgil, though Virginia appears—we presume, as a "noted fictitious person".

In the section of proper names it is easy to discover omissions, as a standard is difficult to fix, but we are grateful at any rate for a belated recognition of Dickens' well-known characters, which exceed all others when tested by their popularity in the press. The Dictionary gives us Sydney Carton, Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Harris, Pecksniff and Pecksniffery, Podsnap (but not "Podsnappery", which is in Dickens' own text), Henry James' Daisy Miller, Glaucus from "The Last Days of Pompeii", Sherlock Holmes, and Vittoria Corombona, who, we dare maintain, is much less known than the absent Veneerings. In the region of science and medicine—the largest source of new words—the book has been brought well abreast of current knowledge. We find new gases from argon to xenon, new instruments and studies such as the epidiascope and eugenics (the latter, however, without Galton's name), new minerals like Beckelite, and a host of learned and pedantic terms, though more, such as "ailurophobia" and "ergophobia", remain ungarnished and unregretted. Psychology is perhaps as well represented as could be expected; still, the special editor of this section might have inserted more of the list of words at the beginning of Myers' book on "Human Personality". "Analgesia", for instance, has a claim to be mentioned as well as "anæsthesia", and "supernormal" deserved more than a bare mention below the line without explanation. Philosophers will find that new delight "pragmatism", but what the editors were doing entirely to overlook the "superman" we cannot conceive.

In the matter of slang, the dictionary is more generous than it was. The "smug" now finds a place as well as the "blood"; "maffick" is recorded, and even the hideous "majorise" which disfigures sporting journalese concerning Rugby football. This last invention should not have been perpetuated in a serious work, but Webster was never very strong on English sport. For years the wicket-keeper was fabled to stand in front of the wicket and defend it with the bat, and now we do not find here the "googlie" which is the feature of modern cricket.

We learn that "hellbender" is American for a reckless debauch, as well as an aquatic salamander, and present the learned editors of Webster in return with the information that a young girl is called a "flapper",



a piece of fashionable lingo of which by this time most English eyes and ears are tired. We are pleased and surprised to find "jaggery", which is Indian and Burmese for coarse sugar, but think "crock" in the human and slangy sense might have been included, for it is well over a hundred years old. If "Grahamize" (open letters through the post) is given, we might expect to find "manipuring", a parliamentary process invented, we think, by the ingenuity of Sir John Gorst.

The definitions and explanations (an important part of a work like this) are, as we have already hinted, helpful and well done, though occasionally, as in the explanation of "curry-favour" as a "curry favel," further research is required. Words apparently synonymous have been treated with attention, but as "womanish" is rightly regarded as "usually disparaging", it might be added that "womanly" is generally used in the opposite sense of the qualities which become what was once called the "fair sex".

We have dwelt on omissions as well as inclusions in our notice, as we think it well to point out matters possibly worth reconsideration or modification rather than to copy the eminent persons who say that everything is perfect and there never was such a book, etc., until another is put into their hands for purposes of advertisement. But after abundant study of detail for which the eminent persons aforesaid can hardly be expected to make time, we have pleasure in adding that Webster is really good and has been ably supervised all round. If only the commoner kind of journalist would use it instead of "proliferating" (this is one of his words) linguistic atrocities!

#### TRADITIONAL CEREMONIES.

**"Traditional Ceremonial and Customs connected with the Scottish Liturgy." By F. C. Eeles. London: Longmans. 1910. 20s.**

MR. F. C. EELES, as a worthy member of historical and antiquarian societies, states in his introduction to an interesting narrative of "Traditional Ceremonies" that his book "is connected with the past rather than the present"; therefore he has excluded notice of proposed ritual and verbal changes. For other reasons which may be surmised the author has also refrained from doctrinal inferences which must however occur to the reader.

It is difficult to ascertain what exactly happened in Scotland with regard to Divine worship between the schism of 1560 and the Revolution of 1689. It is generally known or believed that in 1560 the Church was destroyed; that a system after the Genevan model was substituted; that King James in the latter part of his reign restored the title of Bishop; that King Charles attempted to establish a Liturgy; that all assimilation to ancient practice was annihilated at the Rebellion, feebly resumed at the Restoration, and finally abolished at the Revolution. Since that time a body of preachers teaching Calvin's doctrines, organised in sessions synods and a General Assembly, have formed a religious society established by law as the Church of Scotland. Other societies notwithstanding persecution and proscription have been formed, everyone asserting itself to be the real Church of Scotland, but none of them able to show any continuity with the hierarchy in union with Rome before 1560. The situation therefore differs essentially from that in England where the same body with changes of doctrine and ritual remained, but under the temporal control of the Sovereign instead of the Pope.

Traditional ceremonies in England may be of great value in assisting students to ascertain what precise changes of doctrine and ritual actually were ordered and complied with by the people, because they cluster round a Liturgy which immediately succeeded the various renderings of a universal form. But in Scotland all such traditions cluster round a Liturgy which did not exist there before 1637 and was not commonly adopted till the reign of William and Mary.

On page 59 Mr. Eeles describes usages and rubrics relating to the "offertory" and refers to forms for

use "At going to the Altar", "At prostrating before the Altar", and so forth. In England such words had a clear and definite meaning, and were heartily adopted by a diminishing number of worshippers all through the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, but in Scotland they belong to a Liturgy composed a century after the time when they were clearly intelligible. Concurrently with their introduction the whole service including that of the Holy Communion was said by clergymen in black gowns, which gowns were themselves regarded by the mass of the population as "rags of Popery". We are told that it was usual for the whole congregation to say the words "Therefore with Angels and Archangels" etc.; that the Sacrament was received with the hands extended and crossed; that in the northern districts old women used to bring a clean white handkerchief for Communion, and the author refers (page 73) to an injunction on the subject of S. Cæsarius of Arles. If the suggestion is that any of these practices were survivals of "pre-Reformation" usages, our difficulty in accepting it lies in the absence of any Liturgy to which they could belong. While then we have read this work with great interest and with some personal recollection of usages described, we are unable to see that they prove any continuity of Catholic belief. They seem rather to be practices introduced from the English Church of Stuart times, and concomitant with the assertion of the Divine right of Kings.

Mr. Eeles lays proper stress on the fact that Reservation of the Sacrament for the sick was always usual and not objected to by any. He even thinks that it existed among the Presbyterians. The practice did not necessarily involve, as it does now, belief in the Real Presence, and on page 96 a reason is given for Reservation which may be quite inconsistent with such belief.

The author writes throughout with a strong animus against those who, in his opinion, revive or introduce practices merely because they are Roman, without insular origin, and we think he goes a long way towards accusing the modern Ritualists and their Tractarian or Liturgical predecessors of this assumed fault. The work in consequence is not perfectly pleasing to any school of thought, and for this very reason it is valuable. Beyond question the narrative proves that there exists among the ordinary people—those who worship without fuss—a deep-seated belief in something real or mystical which Erastian Protestantism has long tried in vain to eradicate. Persecution resorted to by every system in turn has failed and is probably for ever abandoned. Ridicule and Erastian theory have failed as substitutes. All through the Protestant era belief in something fatal to the whole basis of mere Protestantism has lingered on. What will be the end thereof?

#### NOVELS.

**"Jim Hands." By Richard Washburn Child. London: Macmillan. 1911. 6s.**

After the first ten pages of this book, we realise that we are in for a story told by Jim Hands himself, foreman of a department in the boot-factory which has made the little American town where the scene of the play is set. The main plot, concerning Jim's daughter Katherine and his boss's son, is simple and slight; the author, seemingly aware of this, has cunningly tricked it out, firstly with some intricate sub-plots, and secondly with some accidental and incidental episodes. In the first case his purpose is apparently dramatic, in the second humorous; but it redounds greatly to the credit of his mild-drawn literary art that all comes naturally from the lips of Jim Hands. America, we know, is fond of producing this kind of book nowadays, probably because Americans are fond of reading laudations of national virtue couched in humour and home-grown pathos. This particular book, however, does not display the usual sentimentalities of its type, either because it is a man's work or in spite of the fact that he is presumably an American. Here and there he lets himself be led up to the beginnings of a discussion of social or economic questions—strikes, capitalism, and so forth

—but at a touch of Jim Hands they retire to the impolite background under a veil of quaint laughter and leave the stage free for Life and Love. One might fancy that the work was a failure on the part of Charles Dickens and Mark Twain in collaboration to rewrite a novel by the (at present unborn) American George Gissing. But Jim Hands just misses true pathos as he misses real humour, and we are afraid we shall not remember him long.

**"Sport of Gods."** By H. Vaughan-Sawyer. London: Mills and Boon. 1911. 6s.

When by a daring coup Captain Brown of the Sikhs rescued his wounded Colonel from the Waziris, his faithful friend and subordinate Hukum Singh was cut off by the tribesmen. Everyone said it would have been suicide to attempt to bring Hukum in; but when Brown got sunstroke going down to Bombay he began to hear again the jemidar's last cry at intervals, and became generally pretty morbid on the subject. It was only the thought of May at home that had held him back—May who had refrained from marrying him because he was poor and without prospects. We like his subsequent naïve reflection that if she had married him before the Waziri affair the thought of her would not have had the same restraining effect—sunstroke, no doubt. However a majority and a V.C. had influence with the snobbish May and her father the baronet; but Brown's mind was so affected that he ran away from his betrothed and was found lying unconscious in seaside lodgings at Seaford. Now Hukum was not really dead but only a miserable prisoner; and the shape of Brown appeared to him at this time and put such strength into him that he slew the sentry and struggled back to his regiment. Thus Brown did go after all to the rescue of his trusty Sikh, who came to England and related his adventures to Major and Mrs. Brown on the lawn at Ventry. The description of Border warfare is not bad, but when not on active service the author loses a good deal of his grip. On shipboard and in England he is diffuse and sententious, and apt—as we have hinted—to get a laugh where he does not mean to provoke one.

**"Flora's Choice."** By E. Sheppard. Norwood: The Angelus Company. 1911. 6s.

Flora's choice was the Roman Catholic Church, for which this book in the guise of a novel is a piece of special pleading rather adroit than dignified. This being its purpose it is hardly necessary to say anything about the story, which is the merest conduit-pipe for descriptions of ceremonies and disquisitions in dialogue upon authority and the Bible, Lourdes miracles, the conventual life, the intercession of the saints, evolution as misunderstood and a number of other matters. Flora is, to begin with, a rather ignorant Protestant young woman engaged to a ritualistic rector, who is represented of course as a little bit of a humbug and a good deal of a prig, and is useful in enabling the author to revive the old discussion round the word "Catholic". Indeed the way in which the author contrives to work nearly everything in—superficially at any rate—is the only striking feature of his book. The converted Flora, writing in the last pages from the neighbourhood of "Bentley's tall Campanile" to answer the proposal of her later lover Dr. Alfred, refuses him solely on the ground of her newly acquired objection to mixed marriages. This disquisition, however, only causes the doctor to smile, and the curtain comes down upon another conversion in the near future. We doubt whether the mixed marriage of a love interest with the other subjects is after all a very happy or desirable one.

**"Doctor Grey."** By Stephen Andrew. London: Greening. 1911. 6s.

In dedicating this volume "to all good doctor-men", to his "brothers of the craft of medicine", the author quietly hints that he knows what he is writing about. On the second page of the story he does a dangerous thing, for he shows his hero reading a novel dealing with medical life, and "as he went on reading he grew more and more indignant. 'Rot', he exclaimed for about

the twentieth time. 'What utter rot!' and he pitched the book across the room". Any reader who in his haste should treat this book thus would miss a somewhat low-toned but not uninteresting record of the career of an "average" medical man. There is little that is exciting or in any way stimulating in the book. Doctors are not shown as benefactors of their species, toiling and moiling at all hours of the day and night for the good of their fellows, but just as hardworked men who, having adopted a trying profession, acquit themselves befittingly. The author seems to have determined to show that the medical profession is by no means altogether a matter of rolling about in a comfortable brougham and pocketing fat fees: he shows us Dr. Grey and his colleagues performing the constant work of hospital physicians; he shows us Dr. Grey deputising among the poorer patients of a crowded London suburb, and then visiting various practices with a view to purchase, until he leaves him in possession of work in the Midland manufacturing town of Wonstone. Incidentally he indicates the various lives led by doctors, and makes his hero woo and marry before settling down. Ordinary novel readers who look for passion and incident will probably find the book slow, but it may be commended as an unexaggerated account of the life of an unexceptional and unexceptionable medical man.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"Cathedral Churches of England."** By Helen Marshall Pratt. London: Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

This "practical handbook for students and travellers" is evidently the outcome of much patient and studious labour, a "research of old antiquity" pursued in other than the cold and critical spirit of the modern ecclesiologist. But it falls between two stools. There is too much of the guide-book about it for the student, who does not want to "notice here a tablet to Mrs. Emma Marshall, d. 1897", or have his attention directed to "the large statue of Dr. Jenner" as one of the six most noticeable features of the nave of Gloucester, but who would like to hear more about such things as William of Wykeham's astonishing transformation of the architecture at Winchester from Norman to Perpendicular. On the other hand the tourist will find the technical portions of the book too compressed and professional, especially as they are without illustrations—the few small photographs in the book are of little use. And no one can carry about a volume dealing with thirty-two cathedrals. Mrs. Pratt writes about the details of architecture with skill and knowledge. But her æsthetic sense is not very trustworthy. She considers Street's new nave at Bristol, built in 1877, as "in the spirit of the fourteenth century", and thinks that a sooty atmosphere has given the poor modern masonry there a mediæval appearance. She does not seem to understand how the Lichfield exterior has been ruined by Victorian renovation, or to know the difference between good colouring and bad. The choir roof paintings at Salisbury are said to have been "restored in their original colour", while the presbytery roof and arches are "no doubt a faithful reproduction of the bad taste of the mediæval colourist"! At Canterbury, Kempe's true recovery of the glowing glory of Chichele's tomb is dismissed as "ornate decoration", while the poor painting of the Chapter House is described as a "rich new dress of gold and colour, said to be a faithful reproduction of the original work". This is pure ignorance. Nor are Mrs. Pratt's remarks about modern windows of any value. The one or two men who have really mastered the exquisite mediæval secret are left unmentioned, while pages are devoted to the Burne-Jones glass paintings. These are, as she says herself, pictures rather than window decoration, and are quite unsuitable for their medium. Mrs. Pratt has taken so much reverential trouble, and knows so much more about architecture than most lady students, that we are unwilling to search out small blemishes. But her book will be of more use on the shelf for reference, embracing as it does all the English—not Welsh—cathedrals, than as a "practical handbook".

**"A Handbook of Greek Religion."** By Arthur Fairbanks, Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. New York: American Book Company. 5s. net.

The author of this well-written little book has accomplished with credit a difficult task. He has succeeded in presenting us with a compact and scholarly account of the principal features and developments of Greek religion, properly so called. The subject is not an easy one, nor is



it so familiar as an uncritical reader might fancy. It is certainly true that a vast number of books are extant which profess to deal with Greek religion. But upon examination it frequently turns out that what such works are really concerned with is, not so much Greek religion, as Greek mythology, which is a very different thing. Mythology has to do with stories of the doings of the gods; religion is primarily a matter of practice (worship) and of emotions expressed in worship. It is a great mistake to confuse the two. In Greece particularly mythology and religion were quite distinct. It is indeed a somewhat curious fact that with this eminently intellectual people the intellectual element in religion remained in the background. The Greeks accepted their gods without defining them. They had no dogmas, no definite formulated religious beliefs. Religion was to them primarily a practical affair, "an effort of the worshipper to establish social relations with his god," a form of homage intended to express the grateful submission of the subject to his divine ruler, and more especially the desire of the subject to ensure the continuance of that ruler's favour. Of theology the Greek had little or nothing. It is with good reason, therefore, that Professor Fairbanks has excluded mythology from his discussion of Greek religion. Of course he has often referred to the myths, but he has considered them only in cases where they appear to throw some light on the Greek rituals or on the religious ideas associated therewith. His book is divided into three main sections. In the first some principal forms of religious belief and practice are dealt with from the standpoint of their religious significance; in the second is given a brief historical sketch of the development of Greek religion from the earliest times to the Hellenistic age; in the last we are shown the connexion between Greek religion and other phases of Greek civilisation, e.g. literature and art, ethics and philosophy, society and the state. The book is good both in design and execution, and is well adapted for use in the higher forms of schools or in University classes.

"Home Life in Hellas." By Z. Duckett Ferriman. London: Mills and Boon. 8s. net.

"Home Life in Hellas" is a title which scarcely does justice to the scope and contents of Mr. Duckett Ferriman's book. The sub-title, "Greece and the Greeks", is better, though too indefinite and colourless. The work, as a matter of fact, is a careful and fairly comprehensive study of modern Greece—the land and the people as they are to-day—and it is a pity that it does not bear a name which might express its character and subject with more precision. But if the title is open to criticism, the book itself is a production of considerable merit. The author is not one of those exasperating persons who, after spending a few months at a first-class hotel at Athens and making excursions thence to some dozen historic sites, imagine themselves competent to discuss in print the life and manners of the modern Greeks. He is thoroughly familiar with the details of his subject. He has travelled extensively both on the mainland and the islands, has come into personal contact with all classes of the population, and has availed himself freely of the official documents and other reliable sources of information. As the result of these labours he has been able to furnish us with a description of Greek life in all its various aspects—domestic, political, religious, literary, and so forth—which is both interesting and valuable. Those who are meditating a holiday in Greece would be well advised to prepare for it by reading this book. They will find in Mr. Ferriman an informing guide. Scholars, moreover, who are familiar with the literature and history of classical Greece will be glad to possess in this work some much-needed data for instituting a comparison between the ancient Hellenes and their descendants. One might wish, indeed, that Mr. Ferriman had developed his subject more systematically in this direction. But a word is perhaps sufficient to the wise, and the author's observations regarding the characteristics of the modern Greeks—their clannish spirit, for example, their preference for the life of restaurants compared with that of the home, their restlessness, their passion for politics, their disregard of class distinctions, their exceeding vanity, their curiosity—will provide the intelligent and educated reader with a basis for conclusions.

"The First Temptation of Saint Anthony." By Gustave Flaubert, being a Translation into English by René Francis, from the 1849–1856 Manuscripts. Edited by Louis Bertrand. London: Duckworth. 1911. 7s. 6d.

Flaubert worked on his "Tentation de Saint-Antoine" almost as long as Goethe on his "Faust." The first draft of this extraordinary epic was finished in 1849 and declared unreadable by the two friends of the writer, Bouilhet and du

Camp. It covered nearly six hundred pages, and was the image of Flaubert's mind in those days, before he had taken it into his head that arduous labour is the condition of literary beauty. His imagination was a furnace fed by a tremendous amount of reading and unrestrained by any consideration, moral as well as literary. This first manuscript he rehandled in the seven following years, and curtailed to 193 pages, according to a plan suggested by Bouilhet. Finally, in 1874, appeared the version known to the public. This differed widely in composition and spirit from the two preceding manuscripts, and may be regarded as an entirely new work. Mr. René Francis' translation is from the second version as edited by M. Louis Bertrand. It is in an archaic style which Mr. Francis himself confesses to be the very reverse of Flaubert's ultra-modern language. But literalism is often the worst betrayal, and a translation is a distinctly artistic work which ought to be judged in itself and not from theories. The translation of Mr. Francis is rich and flexible, and reads like an original. It will do good service to the general reader who, in many cases, knows nothing of Flaubert's exuberant powers and cannot suspect how far his style in "l'Education Sentimentale" and the final version of the "Tentation" differs from his early efforts.

"The Story of the Carol." By Edmundstoune Duncan. London: Scott. 1911. 3s. 6d. net.

The whole human race may be divided into two species—those who do, and those who do not, like Christmas carols. In church at the Christmas season there are many who cannot stand them, who declare them to be a hybrid growth, neither hymns nor songs, unendurable while being sung and so lengthy as to threaten often to be interminable. Yet many good musicians and many more bad ones have liked them. Carols have been collected and written about for a long period; and now that inveterate bookmaker, Mr. Crowest, has induced Mr. Edmundstoune Duncan to take them as the subject of one of his "Story" musical series. This series has always puzzled us. The books are too elementary and too much compounded from older books to be of any value to the expert musician; on the other hand, the crudely technical terminology and the clefs and frequently the notation used in the musical illustrations must be incomprehensible to the ordinary amateur, though they may mystify and impress him. Mr. Duncan is an industrious author, but one could hardly guess from this little work that he is a singularly able one. It is barefaced hack-work padded out to an exasperating extent. The subject might adequately have been treated as one chapter of his "Minstrelsy" (in the same series), to which it properly belongs. However, here it is, the "story" of the carol from the earliest times to the present, based on the labours of all the stock historians of music, whether they are or are not discredited. The evolution of the carol is easy to understand. The carol is a religious song—the words are more or less religious and the music is supposed to be suitable to the most joyous festival of the Christian year, when the austerity of the old Church music could be relaxed. Sacred words to secular tunes describes it. Perhaps it took its present shape as an interlude in the miracle plays; but it soon asserted its independence. For a long time it remained the proud possession of parish, mostly village, choirs; then it was rescued and ruined by the compilers of collections, and now in its weakest, most sentimental, and sugary form it is forced upon our unwilling ears once a year. There are in existence, though not in use, some twenty-five strong, healthy carol tunes, but the endless string of verses makes them a tiresome nuisance at the end of a festal service. Plenty of words are right enough when the singers sing as they wend through the streets, but the monotony of the same primitive tune becomes intolerable when it is repeated twenty times or more in church. At Easter congregations are not subjected to such treatment, but the old Easter carols have nearly perished, and unless the Christmas ones are shortened they will follow.

"Massenet." By Henry T. Finck. London: John Lane. 1911. 5s. net.

We do not nowadays wait for a man's death before we write or read his life. That is, if he has a reputation big enough, or even if he has only been extensively and expensively advertised. Some of our descendants will extract plenty of amusement from the biographies which they will be able to pick up at a penny a volume or less on the second-hand bookstalls. If, for our part, we occasionally notice books of this order, it is chiefly for the purpose of protesting against their publication. Was Elgar, for example, sufficiently famous ten years ago to warrant enthusiasts to rush in, and the publishers to rush out, with volumes in which he was treated with the respect and awe due to Handel and Beethoven, and perhaps half-a-dozen others of the immortals? Is Jules Massenet really a great composer? Does he stand,



though ever so low down, in the company of the immortal ones? Has his career been so eventful that we need know any more about him than can be learnt from the magazine articles and newspaper paragraphs of the last twenty years? We are compelled to say No. There are plenty of successful confectioners either in London or Paris whose struggles and successes have been as important, and whose biographies would be as interesting as Massenet's. From the beginning until to-day he has been a musical confectioner, a purveyor of sugar-plums for the popular palate. Mr. Henry T. Finck has done his work as well as could be expected, only it is a pity he thought fit to do it at all. We by no means underrate Massenet. His goods are delicately flavoured, if the flavour is always the same; he has facility, if his aim is never high, and he sets himself no hard tasks; he is suave, affable, if always on the verge of sentimentality. His is a very, very small talent, but he has made good use of it and reaped a rich reward. We are content to recognise this without desiring to be pestered and bored with petty details of a quite colourless personality, who has made no mark on his times and will be forgotten by posterity.

**"Stories of the Spanish Artists until Goya." By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Selected and arranged by Luis Carrene; with Introduction by Edward Hutton. London: Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.**

This pleasant volume of selections from Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's classical work includes biographies of fifteen Spanish artists, from Luis Morales to Goya and Cean Bermudez. It adequately serves its purpose as a popular introduction to the Spanish school of painting. Several of the reproductions in colour are fairly successful, the least satisfactory being the much-discussed "Venus and Cupid" of Velasquez. The appended catalogue of pictures stands in need of some critical revision; we find, for instance, the "Adoration of the Shepherds" in the National Gallery cited in one place as an early work of Velasquez, in another rightly assigned to Zurbaran. Mr. Hutton contributes a characteristic and suggestive introduction, a little marred by a passage of rhetorical declamation against the Spanish Church.

**"Malta." Painted by Vittorio Boron; described by Frederick W. Ryan. London: Black. 7s. 6d. net.**

There are probably few places about which more conflicting opinions have ever been held, and no doubt ever will be held, than Malta. By some, who visit it during winter and spring, and are fortunate enough to hit upon a season when there is not too much rain or too many easterly gales, and who in consequence enjoy the climate and the gaieties of the island, it is looked upon as a delightful spot. Others, who have chanced on bad winters or who have been condemned to pass successive summers there, view both it and its inhabitants with abhorrence. The mere fact that all movement in the island is confined to narrow roads between endless stone walls is against it. But even those who adopt a middle view and find solace in the club, the opera, polo and other games and are inclined to like the island on the whole, agree that the mass of the inhabitants are not a very pleasing race, according to English ideas. The term "Maltese" has somehow become one of reproach from the Rock of Gibraltar to the far end of the Levant, and it is a wicked saying of the Sicilian, who by the way ranks much the same among true Italians as does the Neapolitan, that "Next to the monkey, the nearest thing to man that God created was the Maltese". Their business capabilities are, however, of the highest order, and it is always said that Malta is the only spot in the world where a Jewish tradesman cannot make a living. But apart from likes and dislikes, Malta has a most remarkable history, which is well epitomised in this book, and the island is full of objects of vast historical and archeological interest. Mr. Ryan has done his best to present both the island and its inhabitants in the most favourable light. We cannot say as much for all of the coloured pictures of scenes and scenery in Malta. Some are passable, but others, such as that of the Porta Reale, are not satisfactory. The pictures of by-ways in Valletta crowded with Maltese and goats are all too painfully clean and polished to recall the scenes and smells they represent.

**"Domesday Book: Cambridge Portion." Introduction by Rev. C. H. and Mr. H. G. Evelyn-White. London: Elliot Stock and two other publishers. 5s. net.**

The authors of this work offer the Latin text of the great survey of England in 1085-6, with the abbreviated words extended, together with an English version by the Rev. William Bawdwen. The whole is carefully edited and introduced by an essay on the survey, with special reference to

the facts proved, in the opinion of the editors, by the portion relating to Cambridge. Cambridge as a Saxon county and a Norman earldom is of special interest, because in addition to "Domesday" there exist early copies of two Inquisitions, one of the county, the other of the property of the church of S. Etheldred or see of Ely. The collation of these documents with the great Record of the Exchequer in order to ascertain what the land measurements of the Norman Exchequer mean in modern terms, and the basis of land taxation, was undertaken by Dr. Horace Round, and forms the first paper in his volume "Feudal England", published in 1895. Messrs. Evelyn-White refer constantly to that work, in support of particular statements, but in truth the whole of their argument is practically his. We cannot say that the introduction under consideration throws any new light on a record which has been the subject of study and controversy by all the greatest English historians, but every separate publication of a section of "Domesday Book" is valuable. It happens in respect of Cambridge that we know the names of the jurors who made the original returns. These are material for the question when surnames and particularly territorial surnames began, but the editors of this volume attach so little importance to this that the jurors find no place in the index. We have ourselves found proof that Saxons bore surnames before "Domesday", and the lists before us in this volume indicate that both Saxons and Normans bore surnames taken from the vills or manors where they resided. This fact should help in identifying sub-tenants. The "tenants in capite" have long been extinct in the male line, and family history to-day is concerned rather with those who were enfeoffed by the Conqueror's grantees. Students must compare the Introduction in this volume with "Feudal England" and with the treatises of the Rev. R. W. Eyton if they wish to understand what was meant by a hide, and to ascertain what was the unit of measurement for land and taxation, but they may, we think, accept the statement before us as to the manner in which the Conqueror's survey was compiled.

**"The Fate of Henry of Navarre." By J. Bloundelle-Burton. London: Everett. 10s. 6d.**

We hoped that our book-makers had at length exhausted the subject of Henri IV. and his amours. We have already had two or three repulsive volumes on the subject. Though Mr. Burton devotes himself principally to the assassination of that monarch, we have a great deal too much here about Henri's mistresses. The publishers' puff which appears on the paper cover of this volume asserts that "it is earnestly hoped that by the aid of this work numerous readers will obtain a true account of a great King and his short reign" (not so short, by the bye: he reigned twenty years). This is exactly what we do not obtain. Accounts of the state of Paris at the time and the death of Gabrielle d'Estrees fill long chapters, but they are incidental only to the reign and hardly at all to the subject of the book. Obviously they are merely inserted to make up the volume. The assassination might have supplied sufficient material for a magazine article, and evidently the writer knows a good deal about that particular incident and has studied the original authorities with care. As to his capacity as an historian in wider fields we are sceptical. He makes the extraordinary statement that "the title of the family of Mirabeau, the revolutionist, was Marquis de Riqueti or Riquetti"! We thought every schoolboy knew that his name and title were Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, Comte de Mirabeau. The Riquetis bought the château and estate of Mirabeau in the sixteenth century. He also refers several times to a personage he calls "Emperor of Germany". There was, of course, no such person, though there was "Romanorum Imperator semper augustus" and (after Maximilian) "Germaniæ rex". One more strange instance of the author's ignorance may be cited in the following sentence:—"The principal squire (in modern language an attaché) of the King completed the company". Mr. Burton probably means an "equerry". We wish an adequate history of Henri IV. in English might be written, but Mr. Burton is clearly not the person to do it.

**"Memoirs of Countess Golovine." Translated by G. M. Fox Davies. London: Nutt. 10s. 6d. net.**

The Memoirs of Countess Golovine were worth publishing, although they do not supply us with any new facts regarding the political aspect of affairs of the period. She was associated with the inner Court circle during the later years of Catherine the Great, and gives a pleasing picture of that sovereign. Her kindness and consideration to her friends and attendants sufficiently explain their devotion. Of the less attractive sides of her character we know perhaps

enough already, but we should certainly not find them portrayed here. Madame Golovine in her devotion would even have us believe that the inhabitants of the Crimea were genuinely delighted to be annexed. She does not give a hint as to the fraudulent nature of the imperial progress through that country so ingeniously engineered by Potemkin. There is a good account of the assassination of the unfortunate Tsar Paul from the courtier's point of view. The mystery as to the complicity of Alexander will perhaps never be fully solved, but, like Catherine with the murderers of her husband, he never punished the assassins. The later chapters deal mostly with the life of the Countess in Paris, where she associated with the most unbending set of the old aristocracy, and never attended the Court of Napoleon either as First Consul or Emperor. Regarding him as a monster, she had no curiosity as to the personality of the greatest figure of modern times. This deprives the work of much that should have been interesting, though it is instructive as to the bitterness of contemporary feeling.

"Woman and Labour." By Olive Schreiner. London: Fisher Unwin. 1911. 8s. 6d. net.

The demand of this book is for women to take "all labour for their province". Two points are not considered: first, the economic effects; secondly, that if all women were occupied there is still a problem. The writer dwells on "the desire for maternity which is in every virile woman's heart". Incidentally she mentions that there are a million and a quarter more women than men in the United Kingdom. Her arguments from physiology and history are plausible, that the exclusion of women does not turn on inferiority, physical, mental or moral. On the crucial test of war they are ingenious, but perhaps not quite sincere. It is half evaded by suggesting that women may stop war "because they alone know the cost of producing men": half met by the assertion that they would make good average infantry in modern war, and capable administrators, financiers, and inspectors of stores and equipment. To the greater part of the book she gives the title "Parasitism"; the unpleasant term implying the consequences of the economic dependence of women. The colours are high; but there is some restraint in presenting it as only one element in the decay of nations by the degradation of their men. The ugly name is a rather rhetorical device calling attention to one source of unrest amongst "women of the more cultured and wealthy classes". Modern conditions do tend to raise their ratio to women in general; and they still cannot enter the higher professions so freely as the larger number of women enter ordinary occupations. Their increase may make some social trouble; but the opposite danger has been more noted of women, especially married women, in non-domestic occupations. This is not discussed. We are to concede that women may do man's work as an extra, because maternity is now less exacting than it was in ruder warlike societies, and the care of children is increasingly given to strangers. But the book is not to be judged by its treatment of particular difficulties. It is a *cri du cœur* poignant with the dissatisfaction and restlessness of many women.

"The Green Book of London Society." London: Whitaker. 1911. 5s. net.

This is a late arrival among reference books; but it has come to stay. It contains a great deal of potted information about many people who have not yet got themselves into "Who's Who"; and its current information as to literature, sport, the theatre, &c., is well arranged. Especially useful is the "Directory of British Titles". The Green Book is published in February, so that the news of the preceding year may be complete in each issue.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Avril.

In this number there are several papers containing a great deal of practical information. M. Lévy writes on the Bank of France, while M. Bardoux deals with Canadian Nationalism, and M. Bonet-Maury with the Salvation Army. M. Bardoux gives a sketch, accurate so far as it goes, of the relations of Canada and the Mother Country during the last twenty years. He does not, however, seem to us to try to understand the Imperialist point of view. His general conclusions are that the French Canadians would never permit secession to the United States, the suzerainty of Britain being for them a question of life and death. But the authority of Great Britain will become more and more merely formal. Imperial Federation is out of the question, and a loose alliance alone possible.

For this Week's Books see page 466.

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D'Eon de Beaumont: his Life and Times (Octave Homberg). Secker. 10s. 6d. net.

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The Land of Promises (Stanley Portal). Laurie. 6s.  
The Great Betrayal (Harold Wintle). Ouseley. 6s.  
The Hoofmarks of the Faun (Arthur Ransome). Secker. 2s. 6d. net.  
The Bread upon the Waters (Georgette Agnew). Heinemann. 6s.

**HISTORY.**

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The Lives of the British Sculptors (E. Beresford Chancellor). Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.  
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Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa (Alfred R. Tucker). Arnold. 7s. 6d. net.  
History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages (Hartmann Grisar). Kegan Paul. 15s. net.

**TRAVEL.**

- An Eastern Miscellany (The Earl of Ronaldshay). Edinburgh: Blackwood. 10s. 6d. net.  
Belgium of the Belgians (Demetrius C. Boulger). Sir Isaac Pitman. 6s. net.  
Rural Denmark and its Lessons (H. Rider Haggard). Longmans, Green. 6s. 6d. net.  
My Balkan Tour (Roy Trevor). Lane. 21s. net.  
The Geology and Geography of Northern Nigeria (J. D. Falconer). Macmillan. 10s. net.  
Sinai in Spring (M. J. Rendall). Dent. 4s. 6d. net.

**VERSE AND DRAMA.**

- The Songs of Old England (W. James Wintle); Pilgrim Songs on the King's Highway (H. James Wintle). Ouseley 5s. net each.  
Lady Patricia (Rudolf Besier). Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.  
Songs and Sonnets (Webster Ford). Chicago: Rocks Press.  
Week-Day Poems (Hugh Owen Meredith). Arnold. 5s. net.  
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Special General Meeting of Shareholders in Rand Mines, Limited, will be held in the Board Room, Corner House, Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, on Monday, the 12th day of June, 1911, at 10 A.M., for the following purposes:—

1. To consider and if deemed fit to pass a Resolution adopting and confirming, with or without modifications, a Provisional Agreement of Sale and Purchase entered into between this Company and Messrs. Wernher, Beit & Co. of No. 1 London Wall Buildings, London, E.C., whereby it is provided that this Company shall purchase from that firm which shall sell to it, certain of their shareholding in the following gold mining companies:

City Deep, Limited,  
Crown Mines, Limited,  
East Rand Proprietary Mines, Limited,  
New Modderfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited,  
Village Deep, Limited,  
Main Reef West, Limited,  
Modderfontein B. Gold Mines, Limited,  
Bantjes Consolidated Mines, Limited,  
Government Gold Mining Areas (Modderfontein) Consolidated, Ltd.

particulars as to the number of shares in each such company and as to the respective price to be paid for such shares being fully set out in the said Provisional Agreement; and whereby it is further provided that the purchase price to be paid by the Company for the said shareholding shall be 207,999 (Two hundred and seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine) fully paid up shares in the Company each of the nominal value of Five Shillings. It is also provided that the Company shall have the right to purchase for cash at cost price, plus interest, certain Five per cent. Debentures of the East Rand Proprietary Mines, Limited, which accrue in respect of the shareholding to be acquired in that company. A copy of the Provisional Agreement will lie for inspection of Shareholders during business hours at the Company's Head Office, Corner House, Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, and at the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London, W.C., and at the Paris Office of the Company's Responsible Representatives and Agents, the Compagnie Française de Banque et de Mines, 20 Rue Taibout, Paris, between the date of this notice and the meeting.

2. Should the said Provisional Agreement be confirmed, then to pass a further Resolution increasing the nominal capital of the Company from £490,000 (Four hundred and ninety thousand pounds) to £550,000 (Five hundred and fifty thousand pounds) by the creation of 240,000 (Two hundred and forty thousand) new shares each of the nominal value of 5s. (Five shillings) which shall be dealt with by the Directors of this Company as follows:—

163,008 (One hundred and sixty-three thousand and eight) shares out of the said 240,000 (Two hundred and forty thousand) new shares together with 44,991 (Forty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-one) shares each of the nominal value of 5s. (Five shillings) out of this Company's existing reserve shares making a total of 207,999 (Two hundred and seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine) shares shall be issued as fully paid up to Messrs. Wernher, Beit & Co. or their nominees in payment of and in exchange for their shareholding in the various gold mining companies aforesaid and as set forth in the aforementioned Provisional Agreement, whilst the remaining 76,992 (Seventy-six thousand nine hundred and ninety-two) of the new shares shall be held in reserve for future issue by the Directors at such time or times in whole or in part, to such person or persons whether corporate or sole, and whether or not a member or members of the Company, as the Directors may determine, and such shares may be issued in exchange for property or rights to be acquired by the Company, or for cash, and if for cash then at par or at a premium as the Directors may think fit.

The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from June 12 to 19, 1911, both days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer wishing to be represented at the meeting must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same, at the places and within the times following:—

(a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the meeting;

(b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London, W.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the meeting;

(c) At the Compagnie Française de Banque et de Mines, 20 Rue Taibout, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, a Certificate, with Proxy Form, will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the meeting either in person or by proxy.

By order of the Board,

H. A. READ,

Joint Secretary.

Head Office: The Corner House, Johannesburg,  
April 6, 1911.

## RAND MINES.

In a Circular to the Shareholders it is explained that "44,991 of your Company's existing reserve shares are available for the transaction now under consideration, and it becomes necessary to provide further shares. With this object, and in the event of the adoption of the Provisional Agreement, resolutions will be submitted to the meeting increasing the capital of the Company from £490,000 to £550,000 by the creation of 240,000 new shares of the nominal value of 5s. each, of which 163,008 shares will be added to the 44,991 reserve shares now available, making up the total purchase price of 207,999 shares and leaving 76,992 shares in reserve. The capital of your Company will then be as follows:—

Authorised	...	...	...	£550,000 in 2,200,000 5s. shares
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**LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE.****IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS.**

THE Forty-eighth Ordinary General Meeting of the London and Lancashire Life and General Assurance Association, Limited, was held on April 11, Mr. Vesey G. M. Holt (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said: "The year 1910 has been one of exceptional importance in the history of our association. There are several features in connection with our operations which I think justify me in making this statement. In accordance with the special resolutions passed by us at our extraordinary meetings on 14 June and 30 June last, the association has been registered as a limited company; the sanction of the High Court has been obtained to the alterations in the memorandum and articles of association empowering the company to carry on every description of insurance business other than marine; the name of the company has been somewhat changed, and new capital to the extent of 30,000 shares of £5 each, £1 paid, has been issued. I feel sure you will readily appreciate that the carrying out of these several changes has entailed a very large amount of extra work on the part of the directors, management, and staff, and I think you will agree that when it is considered that the business of the association has at the same time been carried on so successfully as to enable the directors to place before you such a favourable statement of the year's work as is set forth in the report and accounts under review we may look upon the results of 1910 with every satisfaction. I will now refer briefly to some of the interesting features of the accounts before you. Dealing first with the new business returns of our life department, the total new premium income for the year is the very satisfactory one of £29,315, being an increase over the previous year of £3,542, although the sums assured are somewhat less than those under policies issued for the previous year. The total net life premium income of the company amounted to £318,357, showing an increase over that for 1909. After payment of all outgoings, the life and annuity fund was increased by £96,714, and was raised to £2,591,262. A very satisfactory feature to note is that the average rate of interest which we have earned on the invested and uninvested funds was 24 5s. 3d. per cent. gross, or after deducting income-tax, 24 1s. 6d. per cent. These figures you will observe compare favourably with those which we reported to you at our last annual meeting. When considering the figures in connection with the new classes of business—fire, accident, employers' liability, general—which now appear in our accounts for the first time, it must be borne in mind that operations in these departments were only commenced in September last, and the figures before you, therefore, have only reference to barely four months' actual working. Possibly you may remember that when I addressed you on 14 June last I stated that, in undertaking fire and contingency business, we intended to do so on very conservative lines, and to avoid as far as we possibly could all 'hazardous risks.' This is the policy which we are endeavouring carefully to pursue. It would be quite easy to amass rapidly a large premium income, say in the Employers' Liability department, or business of an equally hazardous nature, but really good business is not so easily acquired. We are, however, content to grow slowly, and are confident that in due time these departments will contribute a material sum to our profits. After payment of claims, and liberally estimating for outstandings, we have set aside in the Fire and Employers' Liability Departments 50 per cent., and in the Personal Accident and General Departments 40 per cent. of the premium income for unexpired liability, and have carried the balance to additional reserve. Since the close of the year, the business in these departments has continued to show steady and satisfactory progress. When I had the pleasure of addressing you at our extraordinary general meeting on the 14 June last, I mentioned that it was not at that time our immediate intention to acquire any existing company, but that should a good opportunity arise we might advise you to do so. I daresay many of you observed in the daily papers references to negotiations for the acquisition of the Welsh Insurance Corporation by this association, and although the announcement in the papers was somewhat premature, I take this opportunity of mentioning that we have been in negotiation with the directors of that corporation for the acquisition of the business, and these negotiations have so far matured that a provisional agreement has been signed by the directors of the two companies within the last few days, and we hope to be able to submit the matter for your approval at an early date. Our negotiations were not sufficiently far advanced to enable us to give you the necessary notice in time for the consideration of the matter at to-day's meeting, and it will therefore be necessary for us to call another meeting for the purpose before long. That being so, it is unnecessary that I should now make further reference to the matter beyond saying that we hope the acquisition of the Welsh Insurance Corporation's business will be of considerable value to us in the development of the new departments of business which we have recently undertaken. The directors now recommend, in addition to the usual interim dividend of 5 per cent., the payment of a bonus of 2s. per share, making a total distribution of 3s. per share, free of income-tax. I feel that I ought not to close these remarks without saying how much we feel we are indebted for the satisfactory result of the year's working to the very excellent staff, under the able guidance of the general manager, Mr. Mackay, with the assistance of Mr. Shield, the fire and accident manager, and the efficient co-operation of our Scottish, Canadian and other local Boards and branch managers." The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Richard S. Guinness seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the general manager and the representatives of the branches of the company at home and abroad.

Mr. William Palin Clirehugh seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

The general manager and secretary, Mr. W. Eneas Mackay, in acknowledging the vote, said they had had a very strenuous year, and he thanked all his colleagues for the generous support they had given him and the Board.

**ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMWAYS.****Increased Traffic Receipts.**

THE Twenty-seventh Ordinary General Meeting of the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company, Limited, was held on 12 April, Mr. J. B. Concanon (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: The accounts for 1910 exhibit, for the first time, the results of a complete year's working of the company's system of tramways, and I feel sure you will all agree that they are eminently satisfactory. We carried 276,426,524 passengers, our gross receipts were £2,419,185, and the expenditure (which includes £110,000 credited to depreciation renewals funds) amounted to £1,564,093, showing a profit of £855,092. Adding £10,348 surplus from the previous year, and £3,430 rent received for Pasco Colon power station, there remains at credit of net revenue £868,870. Deducting therefrom interest and sinking fund on all the debenture stocks, balance of rent paid to the Metropolitan Tramways Company, dividends on Preference shares, and provision for sinking fund to redeem the preference and ordinary share capital at the end of the concession, there remains a sum of £195,492. An interim dividend at the rate of 3½ per cent. has been paid on the £2,500,000 ordinary share capital in respect of the first half of the year, and we now recommend a final dividend of 4½ per cent., making 7½ per cent. for the year, leaving £13,044 to be carried forward. We continue to maintain our tramways in the highest state of efficiency. Mr. Heineman, whose knowledge as a tramway expert is second to none, has recently returned from his first visit to Buenos Ayres. He was greatly impressed with the efficiency and magnitude of our system of tramways. Now, with regard to our prospects for the current year, revenue will have to bear the additional ½ per cent. dividend on the Preference shares, which begins to take effect as from 1 January last, as also the full year's interest on the Five per Cent. Debenture stock issued last year. As against these, however, we shall save the rent of the Metropolitan Tramway undertaking and interest paid on temporary loans in 1910. Thus I estimate the new additional charge at £45,000. On the other hand, our gross receipts for the three months ending 31 March show an increase of £83,452, or 15 per cent., over those of 1910, whilst the net profit for the same period shows an increase of £28,430. We cannot expect that this ratio of increased receipts will be maintained, when we are comparing with the centenary and exhibition traffics, yet I think I may safely say, having regard to the natural development of our lines, and more particularly to those inaugurated in 1910, that the remaining nine months of this year will show quite satisfactory results, and that the complete twelve months' profits will at least exceed those of last year by an amount sufficient to meet the additional charge of £45,000, to which I have referred. With regard to the gross receipts, I may mention that last week's traffic, which amounted to £52,485, constitutes a record. It is £11,000 over our best weekly traffic during the centenary.

Baron Janssen seconded the resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts, which was carried unanimously, and the dividend recommended was declared.

Votes of thanks to the Chairman, Board, and staff terminated the proceedings.

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